Beaver Gen'l James A. Mch. 13

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GEORGE GAULT SUICIDE BY DRINKING POISON

Gets Room at Bellefonte Hotel and Swallows Strychnine.

HAD BEEN ON A SPREE

Drink and Domestic Troubles Attributed as Cause for Ending His Life—Lifeless Body Was Found on Tuesday Morning.

George Gault, aged 33 years, a carpenter, born and raised in Bellefonte, registered at the Haag Hotel on Monday night and after going to his room swallowed the contents of an ounce bottle of strychnine. When found about 9 o'clock Tuesday morning his body was lifeless. The empty poison bottle by his side and his tightly clenched fingers telling of his death struggles made quite clear the manner of his passing away.

Gault had been drinking heavily for a week or ten days prior to his death. Domestic troubles also contributed to his worriment, it is said. He had been twice married. He was divorced from his first wife. He was married a second time on December 5, 1911, to Miss Dora F. Sellers, of Milesburg. For some time past he had been living in and about Lock Haven. He was a son of the late Samuel Gault.

About ten days ago Gault appeared in town, spending his time loitering about. To no one with whom he talked did he indicate his intention to take his life. Between 6 and 7 o'clock on Monday evening he went up to the Haag Hotel. Harrison Kline, son of the proprietor, Henry Kline, registered Gault for a room. Gault went to his room and a few minutes later came down stairs and strolled into the bar. He asked for a drink, but this was refused, the bartender observing that Gault had been drinking. Gault stood about and again asked for a drink, only to again be refused. He was bluntly informed that no matter how long he remained, even as a guest at the hotel, he could not secure drinks over that bar. Gault then asked for a bottle of ginger ale, which was furnished. A few minutes later he went up to his room, and that was the last he was seen alive.

On Tuesday morning the maids at the hotel found Gault's room door locked when they went to make the bed. They called to him to get up, but receiving no response they notified Mr. Kline. The latter went up to the room, tried the door and also called several times. Fearing that something might be wrong Mr. Kline entered the room through an outside porch. There he found Gault's body, cold in death. The unfortunate young man had probably taken the poison during the early hours of the night. A short distance from Gault's body lay an empty bottle labeled "Strychnine." The label bore the name of the manufacturer, only. There was no local dealer's address to indicate where Gault purchased the poison.

Mr. Kline promptly notified the proper authorities and after a time Gault's body was removed to the morgue at Naginey's undertaking establishment.

Squire Henry D. Brown held an inquest in the matter on Wednesday morning. This was done at the request of Mr. Kline, proprietor of the Haag Hotel. A verdict was rendered that Gault had come to his death at his own hands by drinking poison.

Will Case in Court.

Judge Thomas J. Baldrige sat in the Blair County court on Tuesday, to determine whether or not the late D. Miles Buck, of Warriorsmaak, made a good and valid will. Mr. Buck bequeathed all his property to his brother-in-law, John P. Sebring, of Bellefonte. Mrs. Anna Stephens, his sister, contested this will, alleging that her brother was insane and unduly influenced to make this disposition of his property. The will was drafted fourteen years ago by C. P. Hewes, of Bellefonte. Nine farmers testified that Mr. Buck was a quiet and reticent man, who did not love social companionship, shunned and avoided his neighbors, and either could not or would not talk with them on any ordinary topic of conversation. The court was informed that years ago, matchmaking neighbors conceived the idea of marrying Buck to a spinster maiden. The court reserved its decision.

Buttorff—Tyson.

Wednesday evening November 20th at the Reformed parsonage, Bellefonte, Elmer E. Buttorff, of Newbury, Pa., and Miss Dorothy A. Tyson, of Williamsport, were joined in holy wedlock by the Rev. Dr. Ambrose M. Schmidt.

FORGED R. R. TICKET BLAMED IT ON BOOZE

R. J. Eisenhauer, of Millmont, Arrested in Altoona.

HAD TOO MANY DRINKS

Purchased Ticket in Pittsburg to Millmont Via Bellefonte and Afterward Changed Writing to Travel by Way of Harrisburg.

R. J. Eisenhauer, a young man from Millmont, Centre County, was arrested by the railroad police at Altoona last Friday on the peculiar charge of forging the name "Harrisburg" on a railroad ticket. The case is a rare one in railroad legal matters. Eisenhauer, when given a hearing in Altoona on Saturday, said that too many intoxicating drinks caused all the trouble.

The young man, who is about 20 years of age, purchased a ticket in Pittsburg for Millmont, his home town. The route specified on the ticket was via. Bellefonte. When the train conductor lifted the ticket he observed that the writing had been tampered with, and on closer inspection found that it had been made to read Pittsburg to Millmont, via. Harrisburg. When the train arrived at Altoona the conductor reported the matter and young Eisenhauer was placed under arrest.

When arraigned on Saturday before Alderman W. C. Shuff the young man blamed his misfortune on his temptation o indulge in too many drinks before leaving Pittsburg. After purchasing his ticket, he explained, he visited a nearby saloon and partook of numerous liquid refreshments. While feeling good, he added, he concluded that he might just as well travel home via. Harrisburg instead of Bellefonte. Having decided this point he proceeded to erase the name "Bellefonte" and substitute that of "Harrisburg." Alderman Shuff committed him to jail in default of $[illegible] pending further disposition of the case in the Blair County court.

Judge Baldrige, on Tuesday, suspended sentence upon Eisenhauer, first severely reprimanding him and explaining that a repetition of such an offense would result in him being sent to a reform school.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers.

Isabelle Barree to Roy L. Bartley, tract in Gregg twp; $225.

P. M. Hunter to John B. Miller, tract in Liberty twp; $1200.

Jacob Shank et ux to Penna R. R. Co. tract in Howard twp; $500.

Charles Bowes et ux to Penna. R. R. Co. tract in Howard twp; $900.

Norman E. Lighthammer et ux to Penna. R. R. Co. tract in Howard twp; $2600.

Mary A. Pheasant et bar to Penna. R. R. Co. tract in Howard twp; $650.

Judith Bierly et al to H. E. Bierly, three tracts in Miles twp; $6000.

Ives L. Harvey et al to J. Ellis Harvey, two tracts in Curtin twp; $5700.

James H. Potter et al to Keystone Real Estate & Improvement Co. lot in State College; $1.00.

Judith Bierly et al to E. S. Bierly, two tracts in Miles twp; $300.

H. E. Bierly to E. S. Bierly, two tracts in Miles twp; $200.

Mary A. Hugg et bar to Milton Johnston, premises in Milesburg Boro; $750.

Terrance Murray to Kate E. Murray, premises in Spring twp; $1.00

George Zelinsky et ux to John Sopina, premises in Rush twp; $65.

J. D. Miller, Treas. to Commissioners of Centre Co., 433 acres in Taylor twp; $14.75.

Matilda W. Brower to Farrand D. Brower, three tracts of land in Centre County; $1.00

Osceola Postmaster Dead.

John Warren, postmaster at Osceola Mills, dropped dead at his home at that place last Friday morning. Mr. Warren was appointed to the position of postmaster three months ago. He was held in high esteem by the people of his home community. He is survived by a wife and one daughter.

Preaching Hour Changed.

Announcement is made that the hour for services next Sunday in the Pleasant Gap Methodist Episcopal church has been changed from 7.30 P. M., to 10.30 A. M.

MARGARET AND RAYMOND HOUSER.

Here are Margaret and Raymond Houser, the little children of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Houser, of Axe Mann, who will eat their Thanksgiving turkey today in the [illegible] home soldiers. Margaret is but 4 years old and Raymond is 6. Like other children they would much rather be home today to eat their turkey with their father and mother, but the doctors decided the best place for them would be the hospital and without so much as crying they went to Philadelphia, submitted to operations and now are patiently waiting until it is time for them to come home. The hearts of all fathers and mothers will go out to the sturdy, courageous youngsters in hoping they have the very nicest kind of a Thankskiving Day away off in the city hospital.

Both Margaret and Raymond last week underwent operations on their ankles. In the case of Margaret the surgeons operated on both ankles to cure a strange defect. Raymond had one ankle operated on two years ago, so that he had to submit to but one operation [illegible]. Both children developed [illegible] the ankles [illegible] the case concluded that the only remedy was the surgeon's knife. Rather reluctantly the fond parents first had one of Raymond's ankles treated in this manner. The operation was such a success that they were overjoyed and decided to have his second ankle treated and also both of Margaret's just as soon as possible. As related in "The Republican" last week, Mr. Houser took both children to Philadelphia two weeks ago. The physicians gave the cheering assurance that the operations would be successful. Mr. Houser started home, after telling the children to be brave and that when it would be time for them to start away their ankles would be strong and they would be able to walk just like the other boys and girls. The operations were performed, the hopes of the surgeons were realized and if all goes well the two children will be back at their home in about six weeks.

REPAIRING FOUNDRY

Philadelphians Close Deal For Local Plant; Start Work Soon.

Messrs White and Bary, of Philadelphia, arrived in Bellefonte last week and consummated the deal for leasing the plant of the old Lingle foundry. They are now at work making necessary repairs and when these are completed the plant will be put into operation.

J. Linn Harris and William T. Kelly made a canvass of the business men in town to raise the $500 pledged the new management of the plant. The plan of procedure is to secure a number of small contributions, rather than a few large amounts.

Clearfield business men are quite elated over recently securing a new industry, known as the J. B. Martin Co. Silk-Velvet Industry, of Paris, France. The company will employ about 200 men, girls and boys. At a "booster" meeting held in Clearfield on Wednesday night of last week $3,025 were raised by popular subscription to help along the project. The largest contribution toward this fund was one for $1000, given by the County National Bank, the Clearfield Trust Company and the Clearfield National Bank. There were a number of $200 and $100 contributions.

New Store at Philipsburg.

J. L. Maurer, for many years a leading citizen of Karthaus, but lately a resident of Tyrone, has associated himself with his son, Raymond, who has lived in Philipsburg for a year or more, and will open a firstclass hardware store in the Hale block in the latter place under the firm name of Maurer & Son.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year.

FINE DOE KILLED

Ran Into Barbed Wire Fence at Coburn and Broke Leg; Then Killed.

There will be some fine venison for Thanksgiving Day at the Bellefonte hospital. A fine big doe on Monday, supposedly chased by dogs, ran into a barbed wire fence at Coburn and was so badly injured that it had to be killed.

The accident was a most peculiar one. The doe had evidently been hard pressed by hunting dogs, for it broke into open country and while running at break-neck speed crashed into a barbed wire fence along the railroad tracks. The force of the collision with the fence broke one of the deer's legs. Its tongue was badly cut by the barbed wire. A rifle bullet ended the doe's agony. Keeping a doe is illegal, so it was decided to send it to the hospital here.

TO BUY LIGHT PLANT

Clearfield Men Propose Taking Over State College Plant.

Mr. A. J. Musser, Mr. Asbury Lee and others, the gentlemen from Clearfield, who recently secured charters for electric light companies in different parts of the county, have completed arrangements for the purchase of the Nittany Light Heat and Power Company plant at State College.

Their intention is to establish a central plant in this county and make wire connections by which they will be able to supply light, heat and power to the various towns in this section and also to consumers in the rural districts. Their purpose now is to develop their plans and push the work as rapidly as possible.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year.

MAN PICKED UP HERE AN ESCAPED LUNATIC

Disappeared From Harrisburg About Three Weeks Ago.

TAKENBACK TO ASYLUM

Keeper From Institution Recognized Patient as J. Vought—Started for Steelton and Wandered Here Before Being Arrested.

Jerusha Wilhelm, the demented man picked up by Chief of Police Dukeman and Deputy Sheriff Rowe at Coleville last week, turned out to be J. Vought, an escaped lunatic from the asylum at Harrisburg. A little clever work on the part of Sheriff Lee unraveled the mystery surrounding the man's identity. Keeper Johnson, from the asylum, arrived in Bellefonte on Friday night and at once identified Wilhelm as J. Vought, explaining that the latter had escaped from Harrisburg on November 4th, last. He took Vought back to Harrisburg on Saturday.

Vought, it developed, was committed to the Harrisburg asylum 10 years ago. He is harmlessly insane and had always conducted himself in a manner that gave his keepers little or no trouble. He was born in Germany but before being committed to the asylum resided at Steelton, about three miles out of Harrisburg. The man has relatives now living at Steelton and when he walked out of the asylum grounds it was with the intention of visiting his old home. With insufficient clothing to protect him from the cold, and with only such food as he was able to beg along the way, the unfortunate man wandered upward of 140 miles before he was taken into custody.

As was related in this paper last week, Vought appeared at Coleville on Wednesday and his actions were such as to [illegible] cordingly notified the police. When picked up Vought was found to be unarmed, but in his pockets were numerous articles which at once aroused suspicion as to his sanity. He was removed to the county jail pending investigation as to his identity. The man was unable to speak in English, so Sheriff Lee conversed with him in German. Vought would say little about himself. Apparently his mind had become unbalanced over religion. Endeavoring to trace his whereabouts, Sheriff Lee asked him:

"Who have you been working for; who's your boss?"

"The Lord," replied Vought, and this was the only explanation he would offer.

Sheriff Lee pondered for a few seconds and then he suddenly asked:

"Who is your doctor?"

"Dr. Orth," promptly replied Vought.

With this clue Sheriff Lee went to work. Hunting up a Smull's Handbook he examined the list of State hospitals for the insane. He soon came across the name of Dr. H. L. Orth, as superintendent and physician at the Harrisburg asylum. He communicated with him, giving a description of the prisoner and also the name furnished by the latter. The name proved to be incorrect, but the description seemed to tally with that of a patient who had escaped from the asylum several weeks ago. Keeper Johnson was accordingly sent to Bellefonte on the first train, a telegram to Sheriff Lee preceding him and announcing his coming.

When Johnson faced Vought in the latter's cell at the jail there was an affecting scene. Vought had retired for the night, but Sheriff Lee awakened him and explained that a man was outside to see him. Vought arose and walked out of his cell.

"Well, well, what in the world are you doing away up here?" asked Johnson, who had instantly recognized Vought and stepping forward slapped him on the shoulder.

"Why, Johnson," replied Vought after a quick glance at the keeper. Vought then broke down and cried. He offered no objection to returning to Harrisburg. He explained that he had started for Steelton but had never been able to find his way there or learn anything about his relatives. Without having the faintest idea of where he was or where he might land Vought wandered along day and night until he finally wound up at Coleville.

$10,000 Legacy Reported.

Working for $6 a week as Salvation Army captain at Greensburg, Mrs. C. E. Pownell received word of a $10,000 legacy awaiting her at Bellefonte. She and her husband will, however, continue their work, using the money to educate their children.—Tyrone Herald.

SENT TO REFORMATORY FOR CHICKEN STEALING

Alfred Heaton, of Unionville, Robbed Numerous Coops.

GAVE LIST OF VICTIMS

Said George Rumberger Couldn't Recover Prize Hen Because It Had Been Sold for Sunday Dinner at Lock Haven—Arrested in Tyrone.

A remarkable tale of chicken stealing was unfolded last Friday when Alfred Heaton, 20 years old, of Unionville, was arrested in Tyrone and later brought to Bellefonte. Young Heaton, realizing that he had been caught with the goods, made a clean breast of his thieving and, pleading guilty before Judge Orvis, was sentenced to the Huntingdon reformatory. He was removed to Huntingdon the same day.

Heaton, according to his confession, had been carrying on his thieving since last Spring, visiting numerous hen coops and invariably departing with from two to a half dozen chickens. These he systematically marketed by boarding a freight train for Lock Haven or Tyrone. He furnished the police with a list of many persons from whom he had stolen chickens. His confession shed some light on the occasional scarcity of chickens when Unionville ministers visited nearby members of their congregations. The chicken coops of Howard Holtzworth, Daniel Buck and Bud Griest were but a few of those in and about Unionville which Heaton relied upon as "easy picking." Other sections were visited by him when he tired of the monotony of stealing chickens nearer home. Twice, said young Heaton, he had been shot at by angry owners of chickens, but both times he succeeded in [illegible] ing without injury.

[illegible] experience of others. He [illegible] as that one day he awoke to find beside him a bag of poultry, and to save his life he couldn't recall just how it had got there. At one time, while being questioned by the Tyrone police, Heaton remarked that he supposed he was crazy and that he should be placed in an asylum.

When he was arrested young Heaton had four chickens in his possession. He was observed by a railroad engineer as he was approaching Tyrone, and Chief of Police Barr, of that place, was notified. When Heaton was accosted he put up a pretense at resistance, soon quieting down, however, and giving the police no further difficulty. Heaton was locked up in Tyrone and the four chickens were placed in the coop of Policeman Barr, who later accompanied the young man to Bellefonte. The formalities here were brief. Heaton was given a hearing before Squire Musser and made no denial of the charges against him. District Attorney Fortney had him immediately taken before Judge Orvis and the latter sentenced the youthful offender to Huntingdon. Sheriff Lee took Heaton to Huntingdon on the next train.

Some of those in and about Unionville from whom Heaton stole chickens were the following: Abednego Williams, 2; Andy Rown, 3; George W. Rumberger, 3, including a prize hen; William Parsons, 3; Howard E. Holtzworth, 4; Mrs. Margaret Brugger, 3; William A. Peters, 2; Owen Underwood, several Brahma hens and a rooster. Daniel Buck, Budd Griest and James M. Stere are also reported as among the losers. Mr. Rumberger greatly prized one of the hens stolen from his coop. When Officer Barr, of Tyrone, described the four chickens taken from Heaton on the day of the latters's arrest Mr. Rumberger was led to believe that his prize hen was among the number. While they were talking about it Heaton, who was present, remarked:

"No, I sold your hen down at Lock Haven."

Those familiar with all the circumstances say that Heaton is really not mentally responsible for his acts and that he will be better off in an institution where he can be cared for.

Death of Little Girl.

A sad death was that of little Helen DeHaas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morton DeHaas, who passed away at the home of her parents in Beech Creek on Thursday afternoon of last week. The child was aged two years and two months. Her illness covered a period of 24 days and the brave struggle she made to live had attracted the admiration of all the residents of that section. Her death was hastened by a hemorrhage of the brain. Funeral services were held in the Disciple church on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment was made in the Disciple cemetery.

How Gold is Sold.

(By Jesse Simmons in The Scientific American)

Suppose that you owned a gold mine. What would you do with the gold? In the ordinary commercial lines the marketing of the product depends upon ability to place it before the people, and involves the meeting of competition, adjustment of freight rates and the surmounting of numerous little difficulties, all of which have a bearing upon the ultimate result of your undertaking. With gold it is different. Uncle Sam stands ready to buy all of the gold brought to his mints or assay offices.

There are three coinage mints where you would be able to dispose of your bullion, viz., Philadelphia, Denver and San Francisco. Should it happen that your mine was not located convenient to any of these mints, you would find United States assay offices at Boise, Idaho; Carson, Nevada; Charlotte, North Carolina; Deadwood, South Dakota; Helena, Montana; New Orleans, Louisiana; New York city; Salt Lake, Utah; and Seattle, Washington. At these institutions gold bullion is purchased and forwarded to the mints.

You would take your gold into the office and watch it weighed upon a pair of balances so sensitive that although they had several hundred pounds in each pan, one one-hundredth of an ounce would be indicated. Having weighed your gold, the officials would issue you a receipt for it which you would keep until you received your check or coin in payment. Your gold would then have become what is known in the office as a "deposit." This deposit, with many others like it, would be turned over to the melting department, where in a specially constructed furnace, it would be melted in a plumbago crucible with the proper fluxes and poured into a suitable mold. Simple as this may sound, the melting of gold is a very serious and difficult task. The high heat which it is necessary to generate in order to melt the metal necessitates a furnace constructed of the most refractory material. These furnaces are usually operated by gas or oil and are built of the very finest grade of fire brick and fire clay. The plumbago crucible which is used is composed of graphite (the same material that comprises the centre of your lead pencil), a little fire clay and a little sand. In the manufacture of these crucibles great care must be taken to secure a uniform mixture of the component parts, so that when heated no portion of the vessel will expand more than any other portion. Unequal expansion would cause cracking.

The crucibles are fashioned in molds are made in all sizes from those having the capacity of an after-dinner coffee cup to immense sizes holding over twelve gallons. Before melting gold in one of these crucibles it is necessary that it be very carefully annealed, which means that the last possible traces of moisture must be expelled by slowly increasing the temperature for several days. This is done by placing the crucibles in a steam-heated oven, where the process is carried forward until it is deemed that the vessel is in suitable shape to be placed in the fire. Covers and stirrers are made of the same material as the crucible. The latter are used to stir the gold in the crucible after it is melted. Covers and stirrers pass through the same annealing process as the crucible, although it is not necessary to take so much care with them.

Gold coming direct from a mine is never pure. It may contain various base metals, the nature of which depends upon the process by which the gold was won from its matrix. Gold from stamp mills contains some iron, very likely some copper and often some quicksilver. From cyanide mills the bullion nearly always contains zinc, as this metal is made use of in the process. The zinc, too, may also have contained impurities, some of which will very likely be in the resulting bullion. Copper has some of the characteristics of gold, both physical and chemical, so that if copper is contained in the original ore some of it will be very likely contained in the bullion. Silver is always associated with gold in the ores of the latter. The amounts may vary greatly, but it may be stated that silver is always present in gold ores.

The problem of the melter who handles the deposits at the assay office is to make from the deposit a bar of bullion which will be homogeneous, or in other words, a perfect mixture from top to bottom and from end to end of the gold and other metals. In order to do this he places in the crucible with the deposit a stated amount of flux, varying with the size and composition of the deposit. The virtue of this flux is to remove a certain portion of the base metals and likewise to form a molten mass over the top of the bullion which will prevent volatilization of the precious metals. It is lighter in specific gravity that the metal and rises to the surface of the melt. For clean bullion the flux is composed usually of borax. Perhaps some little soda will be added. For bars which contain five or ten percent or more of the base metals the flux will be comprised more largely of soda. This is just the ordinary soda which the housewife uses in collaboration with sour milk to make biscuits or other dainties. Niter is also used on bars containing large amounts of impurities.

Having placed the deposit in its crucible in the furnace, with the necessary fluxes, the heat is applied and the metal and flux melted in thirty to forty-five minutes. The melter puts on an immense pair of asbestos mitts to protect his hands from the intense heat and removes the cover of the furnace, the cover of the crucible, and taking the stirrer in a pair of iron tongs, he carefully stirs the entire contents of the crucible. The stirrer was placed in the furnace at the time the crucible and charge were admitted, and is of the same temperature as the other contents. On very dirty or impure bars this stirring may be done two or three times, the furnace being closed in order that the heat be brought up to the required point after each stirring. The molds into which the gold is poured are made of iron and full stock of the various sizes is kept on hand so that no matter what the size of the deposit a bar will be turned out with a width approximately twice its depth and a length about twice the width. Into this receptacle the melter pours the contents of the crucible. The metal sinks to the bottom, and the slag, as the flux is known after it has passed through the process, rises to the top. After the metal and slag have solidified the mold is overturned, the slag separated from the bar, the bar cleaned and weighed. In order that the depositor may receive pay for every bit of gold which properly belongs to him, the inside of the crucible is scraped clean and the slag treated by being crushed to powder and panned in a miner's gold pan. The problem of the melter, then, it will be seen, is to add the proper flux, to see that the furnace produces the high heat which is necessary in order to successfully melt the charge, to have his crucibles in such shape that they will not break in the furnace when subjected to the high heat and to dexterously pour the bullion into the mold and recover the values from the slag.

The weight of the granules which have been recovered from the slag is added to the weight of the bar and this amount is the weight of bullion for which the depositor is paid. It is then the assayer's business to determine the proportions of gold, silver and base metal in the bar. These proportions are reported in thousandths. He obtains a sample by means of a special clipping machine designed for the purpose.

A complicated chemical process is necessary to determine the fineness of process is based upon the fact that from an alloy of gold and silver in which silver predominates in the ratio of about three to one it is possible to dissolve the silver by nitric acid, leaving the pure gold behind. To a weighed portion of the bullion is added an amount of silver which will bring the proportion up to three to one, if it is rich in gold, or, if it is rich in silver, sufficient gold to bring it up to this same proportion. This sample weighs one thousand gold-weight, or one half gramme; very nearly seven and seven tenths grains. It is rolled up within a piece of pure lead foil weighing about two grammes. An exact duplicate of this is made, as are also two similar samples from the opposite side of the bar. Two other samples are prepared of a weighed amount of absolutely pure, or "proof" gold, and silver, called the proof samples. A fourth set of samples is made from one thousand goldweight of the bullion, which is likewise incased in lead.

These samples are then placed in a cupels in a furnace which has been heated to a bright red. A cupel is a small dish, a little more than an inch in diameter, made of boneash, and boneash is pulverized calcined animal bones. A cupel has the property of absorbing oxides of lead and other base metals when these oxides are formed during cupellation. What occurs in the furnace is practically this: The lead and other metals melt, and as the air passes over this molten mass the lead and base metals oxidize rather rapidly. A portion of these oxides are absorbed by the cupel and other portions pass off in the form of vapor. The final result of the process is a globule of gold and silver. The first three sets of samples (the top, bottom and proofs) which contain the proportion of gold and silver for parting, as the nitric acid treatment is known, are rolled out thin and placed in small cups of platinum. These cups fit neatly into a basket of the same material and the whole is then suspended in a platinum cup containing boiling nitric acid which dissolves the silver, leaving pure gold in the cup. This is very carefully dried at a low heat, placed in the furnace to be momentarily heated to a cherry red, removing the last possible trace of moisture and weighed on the scales upon which the samples were originally prepared. This weight shows the amount of gold in the bullion, after making the necessary corrections indicated by the proof samples, gain or loss during the process. The fourth set of samples, which after cupellation are globules composed of gold and silver the base metal having been driven off during the cupellation are weighed without any further preliminaries. Their loss in weight indicates the amount of base metal which was in the bullion. Having determined gold and base metal, the difference is reckoned as silver.

The scales used by the assayer in his work are the most delicate of the appliances used in the assay office, although the large balances upon which the deposits are weighed are themselves of extreme accuracy. But the assayer's scales take the palm. They are sensitive to one two hundredths milligramme. Fearing that it will not be realized what this means it will be explained further. These scales will weigh a lead pencil mark. Some time when you are in the assay office depositing the hypothetical gold from the hypothetical mine, ask the assayer to weigh a piece of paper an inch square. After he has done this make a mark across this paper with a soft lead pencial and you will be surprised to see that it is possible to weigh this mark. It will weigh anywhere from one to three one hundredths of a milligramme, depending upon the softness of the pencil and the breadth of the mark, of course.

The assayer having completed his work, reports the fineness of the bar and the clerical force gets busy on the calculation of its value. Knowing the weight on the bar and the proportions of gold and silver it is a mere matter of figures to arrive at its value. This done, you are given either a check or United States coin upon surrendering the receipt which was given you when you deposited your bullion.

The International Carat Adopted by American Jewelers.

By the adoption of the international metric carat for weighing precious stones and gems the American jewelry trade has taken an important step toward much needed uniformity and a single system of international weights and measures. This action was taken at a meeting held in New York on October 29th, at which were present representatives of the largest American firms. The resolutions adopted provided for the use of the international carat after July 1st, 1913, and requested the Secretary of the Treasury to employ this standard in levying the duty on imported diamonds and other gems. The international carat is 200 milligrammes or one fifth of a gramme (3,086 grains,) and is now in use in France, Germany, and practically all countries except the United States, Great Britain, Belgium and Holland, where various carats corresponding approximately to 205 milligrammes are employed. It was established in response to a demand of dealers in precious stones in Germany in 1905, which was immediately supported by similar interests in [illegible] Brighamy was chosen [illegible] of a seed, taking its name in fact from the Arabic word carob, meaning bean, never has been uniform or defined with scientific precision, and at the beginning of the twentieth century there were in use at least 20 different carats ranging from the Bologna carat of 188.5 milligrammes. Hitherto American jewelers have used a carat corresponding to 205.2 milligrammes or approximately that of the British Board of Trade and of the jewelry trade of Antwerp, and dealing as they do with merchants in many foreign centers of trade the diversity has often proved most annoying. With the international carat not only will this lack of uniformity be done away with, but it will be possible to employ decimal sub-divisions instead of sixteenths, etc., and the actual weights for the balances can be made of the highest accuracy and referred to definite and legal standards. This action is quite in line with the general tendency to metrological reforms and attempts at uniformity, where it is found that the most satisfactory progress now can be made by taking a customary unit and defining it in terms of the metric system.

"Tells The Whole Story."

To say that Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is best for children and grown persons and contains no opiates tells only part of the tale. The whole story is that it is the best medicine for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and other affections of the throat, chest and lungs. Stops lagrippe, coughs and has a healing and soothing effect. Remember the name, Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, and accept no substitutes.—Sold by C. M. Parrish. Advt

Pension Presidents $25,000.

Future ex-presidents of the United States are to be pensioned in the sum of $25,000 each annually by action of the Carnegie Corporation of New York.

The grant is provided for with the idea of enabling former executives of the nation to devote their unique knowledge gained in public affairs to the public good, free from pecuniary care. A similar amount is to be paid widows of ex-presidents as long as they remain unmarried.

The pensions are to be promptly offered to the ex-presidents or their widows, so that no application will be required from them. Payment is to be continued so long as the recipients "remain unprovided for by the government."

Mrs. T. A. Town, 107 6th St., Watertown, S. D., writes: "My four children are subject to hard colds and I always use Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and it soon overcame the la grippe. I an always depend upon Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and am sure of good results." Sold by C.M. Parrish.

REUNION OF 45TH.

Survivors of Gallant Regiment Meet at Williamsport.

Survivors of the gallant old 45th Regiment, Penna. Vols., held a most successful reunion in Williamsport last Thursday. About 75 were present, including quite a few from Centre County. The "boys" had a delightful day among themselves and returned home enthused and determined to hold the next reunion at Gettysburg, when the grand reunion of Union and Confederate soldiers takes place.

The business session was the first thing on the program last Thursday and the following officers were elected for the coming year: Judge Reese G. Richards, of Ohio, Captain Company G, president; E. E. Myers, vice president; Allen D. Albert, secretary; William Roberts, treasurer. The visitors were then taken on automobile rides to nearby points of interest. On their return they were entertained at a banquet at the Hotel Henry, the host being John B. Emery, one of their comrades. Music was furnished by the Stopper & Fiske orchestra. At the "camp fire" interesting and stirring addresses were delivered by Emerson Collins, Judge R. G. Richards and Rev. Elliot C. Armstrong. The Roberts brothers, William and Albert, gave an exhibition of fancy drumming and played a number of the old pieces which kept the boys moving on marches during wartime days.

Mr. Collins spoke of the gaps that time has made in the ranks of the regiment since the last reunion, two years ago. He referred to several of the members he met at that time, who have since passed across the divide. He spoke at length about the history of the regiment recently published and to that part of the history relating to the courage displayed by Captain Richards, the president of the association, and Sergeant John B. Emery.

Mr. Collins spoke of how well officered the old Forty-fifth regiment was and spoke in glowing terms of the work of Officers Beaver, Welsh and Governor Curtin. He referred to the fact that there were many privates in the ranks who were capable of handling regiments of men, if they were only given the opportunity, and then branched out and gave the history of the fighting qualities of the regiment and told of the important battles in which it took part.

Judge Richards followed Mr. Collins. The judge said it afforded him great pleasure to meet his old comrades face to face and think over the days when they were all in camp. There was, however, a degree of sadness connected with the event, as during the year 52 members of these he named [illegible] away. Among [illegible] A. Curtin, Thomas J. Rogers and a number of others. He referred to the compiling of the history of the regiment and extended the thanks of the members to Allen D. Albert, who, edited the work. This history was gotten up after several members had written their version of the trials and work done during the war. Mr. Albert is a former principal of the high school in Williamsport.

Judge Richards gave an illustration of the regiment when it first went to the front. He said the average age was not over 20 years. He told many interesting and amusing stories about events as they were encountered in the war and gave a very complete history of the fighting done by it.

Comrade T. J. Davis rendered a song and Judge Richards stated that he well remembered this voice striking up a tune as they were going into the Battle of the Wilderness and all the other members of the company joining in. The song sung by Comrade Davis was "Daybreak at Appomatax."

Hospital Steward James A. Myers gave a very interesting talk about the work done in the hospital and cast the blame of his being called for an address upon the shoulders of "Johnnie" Emery.

Squire W. H. Musser, of Bellefonte, told the story of how he secured a pair of boots near the close of the war. He did not care to draw another pair of the army boots and so he borrowed $10 from a substitute who had become a member of the company and the next day the substitute disappeared and never had the due bill Mr. Musser gave him cashed.

Lieutenant Myers gave the last address of the evening. It contained accounts of the many engagements of the regiments.

The "fighting 45th" was organized at Harrisburg October 21, 1861, and served two enlistments, finally being mustered out at Harrisburg July 17, 1865. Colonel Thomas Welsh, of Columbia, Pa., Mexican soldier, was the first Colonel, and was in command of the brigade at Vicksburg, when he took fever and died. James A. Beaver, of Bellefonte, was Lieutenant Colonel; J. C. Kilburn, of Tioga County, was the Major. John I. Curtin, of Bellefonte, succeeded Welsh. At South Mountain, September 14, 1862, the 45th charged up the mountain and drove General Hood from his stong position behind the stone wall. There were 27 killed and 107 wounded in the engagement. In the Wilderness battle the 45th lost 17 killed and had 119 wounded, with 7 missing. At Cold Harbor, Virginia, over half the regiment were killed or wounded. Major Kelsey was among the killed. At the battle of Petersburg, in which the regiment took part, Colonel Curtin was seriously wounded in the assault on June 18. The flag of the Sixth Virginia regiment was captured by the 45th in the fight at the Crator. The regiment belonged to General Potter's division, Ninth corps, and lost the large number of 227 killed and 252 dying from disease, etc. Its total of killed and wounded during the war was 875, and 98 of its members died in Confederate prisons. The regiment was in 32 battles and skirmishes and traveled over 13,000 miles. Its first service was in the Army of the Potomac, General Howard; then in South Carolina, under General T. W. Sherman; then again in the Army of the Potomac; then under Burnside; East Tennessee besieged six weeks at Knoxville; with Grant at the capture of Vicksburg; with Sherman at Jackson, Miss.; marched back of the Cumberland mountains and for the third time attached to the Army of the Potomac; with the Ninth corps, under Burnside, reported to General Grant and took part in the operations around Richmond to Appomatox.

Hospital Wireless.

"A very efficient system of wireless telegraphy exists in every hospital," said the nurse. "Apparently all patients have the knack of transmitting messages; otherwise the news of serious cases would not travel so quickly and accurately from ward to ward. It is contrary to the rules for hospital attendants to retail gossip, and most of them observe strict secrecy, yet notwithstanding that precaution there is never an interesting case in the building whose history is not known and discussed in the remotest corner.

"Last week a boy suffering with a peculiar kind of throat trouble was brought into a first floor ward. The doctors were very much interested in the case, yet they took special pains never to mention it in the hearing of another patient. But for all the good their caution did they might as well have lectured on the case in every ward, for when the boy died men and women all about the hospital said to the nurses: 'So that poor boy died, did he? I suppose there wasn't much hope for him from the start.'

"How did the news travel?"—New York Press.

Speed of a Hare.

Some motorists in the Belfast Northern Whig tell a very interesting story that illustrates how fast a hare can [illegible] a certain part of the tour the way ran straight for about two miles, with banks and hedges on either side. Just about the beginning of this stretch a hare started out from the side and dashed along in front, right in the center of the road. Its ears were laid back, but every few seconds it raised first one ear and then the other, evidently to hear if the great racing enemy was coming too near. The speed of the motor was increased until it reached twenty-six or twenty-seven miles an hour. If increased further it would have run down the hare. The race continued for almost a mile and a half. At last an open gate into a field appeared, and through this the animal dashed. The motor was slowed down, and from the slope of the road the men could see the hare running at full speed right across the large field. Evidently it had not been tired by its mighty efforts to keep ahead of the automobile.

A Ruler.

Singleton—That's a queer sign: "Wanted—A girl to feed ruling machine." Wederly—Nothing queer about that. Somebody wants a nursegirl to look after the baby.

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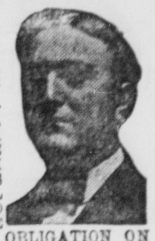

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J. C. HUTZELL, 115 W. Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Raleigh's Pipe.

A pipe with a history is in the possession of a collector in London. It was once the property of Sir Walter Raleigh and is not unlike the letter "Y" in shape. For centuries it has been kept in an inlaid box dated "Anno 1527." It is constructed in four pieces of wood, rudely carved with dogs' heads and with the faces of Indians. On the bowl there is a cap about as large as the bowl itself, and attached to the stem is a string of beads made of the same wood as the pipe. In this stem a powerful whistle has been cut, and the suggestion is that Sir Walter used it to summon his servants. The Archaeological society exhibited this pipe at Guildhall in the middle of the last century, the inscription accompanying it bearing these words: "The original pipe of the above celebrated Historian of the World and who first introduced tobacco and potatoes into England." Tradition, corroborated by a parchment in the possession of the owner, states that this pipe was smoked by Sir Walter Raleigh on the scaffold just before his execution and handed to one of his relatives as a memento of him.

Franklin the Citizen.

Franklin was particular about the way of doing business. He was particular about the way in which he made his money. When he first started his newspaper in Philadelphia his rival was Bradford, who, in addition to publishing a paper, was postmaster general of the colonies. Bradford used his authority as postmaster general to practically exclude Franklin's papers from the mail by forbidding the postriders to carry them. Franklin shortly after succeeded Bradford as postmaster general. Here was the opportunity to build a monopoly and crush his old rival, but the thought never seems to have entered his head. In the newspaper business of the colonies belonged to him. He says of Bradford in his attempt to crush Franklin's newspaper, "I thought so meanly of him for it that when I afterward came into his situation I took care never to imitate him."

A War Bismarck Forgot.

The smallest of Europe's sovereign states, Liechstenstein, has a monarch and a parliament, but no taxes and no army. Its finances are provided by its Prince John II., who in return nominates three of its fifteen members of parliament. At the time of the Austro-Prussian war the principality sided with Austria and mobilized an army of 100 of all ranks to share in the fighting. But Liechstenstein's army never smelled fire, and Liechstenstein itself was quite overlooked in the peace negotiations at the end of the war. Fifteen years later Bismarck discovered that his country was still technically at war with this miniature state, and in strict accordance with the etiquette of such things pourpariers took place, and a formal treaty of peace was signed between the two countries.—Westminster Gazette.

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The Case Book of a Private Detective

True Narratives of Interesting Cases by a Former Operative of the William J. Burns Detective Agency

By DAVID CORNELL

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A TRAIL OF INK

How a Clever Bank "Kiter" Was Run Down on a Slender Clue

The National Bankers' Protective association is an organization formed by the bankers of this country to protect themselves and the money in their care from the onslaughts of that considerable class of sharp-witted and reckless men who live by "working banks."

This class is divided into two minor classes—the "rough workers" and the "kiters." The former phrase is used in detective parlance to designate the gentlemen who travel around the country and blow bank safes. The "kiters" are the persons who obtain money by forgery, raised checks, altered drafts, false identifications, and other misrepresentations. Although the safe-blowers get more space in the papers, because of the spectacular character of their achievements, they are the least troublesome of these two types of criminals. A couple of yeggmen will blow a safe in a country bank in Painted Post, Neb., shoot the town marshal in the leg, and get away with $5,000, and the press of the country will ring with the news. But all the time there is going on the shrewd, silent work of the "kiter," which seldom gets into the papers, but which continually is costing bankers and depositors thousands of dollars.

To catch a "yeggman"—a safe-blower—is nothing more or less than straight police work. To catch a "kiter" is a problem of intricate detective work, for the "kiter" is a man of brains, where the "yegg" is merely one of force, and the former knows better than anyone in the world how to cover his tracks to escape detection. There is living in California at the present time an old gentleman who retired on a pension granted him several years ago by a combination of bankers who calculated that it would be better to pay him to remain honest than to risk losses from his skilful methods of forgery.

It is hardly likely that banking history of this country will see such another incident. The National Bankers' Protective Agency employs the Burns Detective Agency to do all its work now, and no matter how shrewd a forger may be, how scientific his methods, the Burns system, backed by the Bankers' association, is sure to get him in the long run. At the same time there are hundreds of men—mostly young fellows in desperate financial straits—who tempt fate by passing bad bank paper. Such criminals are soon run to earth. It is the old scientific fox, the man who has made "kiting" a profession, who makes trouble; and the first one of these gentlemen that I ran down while working as a Burns detective was the best of the lot.

In Medillion, N. Y., there are three banks, the Old National, the First National and the Farmers' and Merchants'. One Monday morning the office manager of our agency came down to the office to find on his desk a telegram from each of these banks requesting that a man be sent up at once.

"A job for you, Cornell," said the manager, handing me the messages. "Beat it up there as soon as you can."

I caught a Lackawanna train at 10:30, and at seven in the evening I was registering in the best hotel in Medillion, a town of 7,500 people. After three days' work I had unraveled the following tale of what had happened to the banks of Medillion:

A month before a man named Clawson, who conducted the most prosperous coal yard of the town, had decided to sell out and retire from business. He had advertised the sale in a retail coal trade publication that circulated among coal dealers throughout the country. In a few days, or to be precise, just three weeks before I arrived in town, a prosperous, energetic looking man had appeared in answer to the advertisement. He introduced himself as Milton K. Jenkins, said he had been in the coal business years before, in Chicago, had quit it and gone to New York, where he had been working as a coal salesman for the last five years. The death of an uncle, said he, recently had placed him in possession of a little money. He wanted to get into business for himself. He wanted to get out of the grind and worry of the city. He wanted to be his own boss. He had been in Medillion once before and liked the town. As soon as he had seen Clawson's advertisement he had said to his wife, "There's the place for us, Jennie, if the business is any good," and had hied himself straightaway to the town.

"Now," said he energetically, "show me what you've got to sell."

The man's knowledge of the coal business was so complete as to assure Clawson at once that he was talking to an old and shrewd hand in that line. His bearing and address had all the earmarks of success and forcefulness. He knew how much coal cost at the mines down in Pennsylvania, how much freight rates were, and what coal ought to sell for in Medillion. He smiled appreciatively when Clawson showed him his books and demonstrated that the people of Medillion were willing to pay even a little more than what coal ought to sell for in that town.

"I see you know the game, too," he said; and Clawson naturally was a little flattered.

Clawson named a price of $5,500 on his plant as it lay then, in the early summer with little stock in it. This was an unreasonable price, and Jenkins said so at once.

"Five thousand is the top-notch price I can see myself paying for it," said he, "and probably $4,500 will be what it looks like when I've looked it over carefully."

Clawson grumbled that $5,500 was his only price, but inwardly he was pleased. He had set $4,000 as what he expected to realize from his sale.

Jenkins began to go into the details of the business with him as no one but a man skilled in that line could do. He covered the field with his investigations and questions in a way that aroused Clawson's admiration.

"Mr. Jenkins," he said, "you can do twice as much business here as I did. You can teach them all something about the coal business."

"I know something about it," admitted Jenkins. "You haven't hustled quite enough. Don't you know that you ought to get a couple of factories into this town? I do. I got one in view now that I could bring here possibly. But you'll never get $5,500 out of me for your business."

Finally he wrote a check for $250 on the Twenty-fifth Street Bank of New York city for a five days' option at $5,000.

At the same time that he was dickering for the business Jenkins began to make inquiries about a home. Here again his evident character as an experienced and forceful business man asserted itself.

Clawson, quite convinced that he would make his sale at a price satisfactory to himself, eagerly carried Jenkins over to a real estate man named Cross and introduced him as a new and valuable addition to the population of Medillion.

Cross, likewise, was deeply impressed by Jenkins. He had no doubt of his ability to pay for the best house for sale in town, and Jenkins was at once taken out and shown a desirable property. It was an old homestead with large grounds and in good repair, and the price was $5,000. It was a fair price. Jenkins agreed at once to this. He went through the house carefully.

"Just about the kind of a place Jennie—my wife—would like," he said. "I'll get her up to take a look at it."

Cross had promptly begun the real estate man's old song: "Well, Mr. Jenkins, there are two or three other parties interested in this property, and I expect an offer for it almost any moment. If you want—"

"Anybody got an option on it?" asked Jenkins.

"No."

"Give me a three-day option on it for $200," said Jenkins. "I'd close with you now, but my wife always wants a finger in the home pie." He wrote a check for $200 on the Twenty-fifth Street Bank of New York city.

The third man in the net was Flink, the big furniture man of the town. He came in the third day, when Mrs. Jenkins, a prepossessing, well dressed woman, came to town. By this time the news had been printed in the town's little daily paper that Mr. Jenkins of New York was buying out Clawson's coal yard and purchasing the old homestead from Cross for a home. Also, it was rumored, Mr. Jenkins was connected with several manufacturing enterprises which were considering Medillion as a possible location.

Mrs. Jenkins came into Flink's Furniture Emporium, and with the good-natured assistance of Jenkins began to pick out furniture for their new home. She had taste and an apparently generous pocketbook. Flink rubbed his hands as he saw her pick nothing but the most expensive stuff in his store. He extended himself to please Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins. The bill for the articles that Mrs. Jenkins had set aside ran up to $1,200.

"It will be some days before we want them sent up," said she. "But when we do want them it will be in a hurry."

A deposit of one hundred dollars was made, and the pair departed. The deposit was in the form of a check on the Twenty-fifth Street Bank of New York.

Clawson, Cross and Flink hurried at once to their banks with their checks. Clawson banked at the Old National, Cross at the First National, and Flink at the Farmers' and Merchants'. The checks were taken for collection—and proved good.

Jenkins made such an impression that the Chamber of Commerce invited him as an honored guest to its weekly meeting. He was looked upon a citizen to be welcomed with open arms. Said the president of the Chamber of Commerce in introducing him: "Mr. Jenkins is what we need and want: a thorough-going hustler."

He was. At the end of a week's dickering with Clawson, he agreed to buy the coal yard at $4,750, $2,500 to be paid at once, and the remainder on six months' time. He wrote a check as before for the $2,500.

"And by the way, Clawson," he said. "Wish you'd take me down and introduce me to your banker. I'll have to transfer my account here in a few days."

Clawson accordingly introduced Jenkins to the Old National bank in a cordial manner. As soon as he had been properly identified Jenkins presented a draft issued by the Twenty-Fifth Street bank for $1,525. The cashier paid it without a murmur of suspicion.

From Clawson, Jenkins went to Cross, and within half an hour he had repeated his operation at the First National, there cashing a draft for $1,510. From Cross he went to Flink, and Flink accommodatingly identified him at the Farmers' and Merchants', where he secured $1,300 on a similar draft.

That night Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins left Medillion. Next day the banks discovered that the drafts were all forgeries. The forms on which they were issued were mere cheap imitations of the Twenty-fifth Street Bank's paper. Hurried telegrams went to the New York bank:

"How much is Jenkins' balance?"

The answer came: "Eighteen dollars and eleven cents."

The Medillion banks had been cleverly stung.

This was the story that I gathered thread by thread when I investigated the trouble in Medillion.

To trace Jenkins I had specimens of his hand-writing, excellent descriptions of him, and the knowledge that he was an expert in the coal business. Beyond that—nothing. He had come to Medillion, stayed a little, and flitted away from $4,435 of the bankers' money. He had left no trail to follow. He was a thorough-going "kiter."

Cummings-Jenkins looked around wildly.

Back in New York I found that Jenkins had been a depositor of the Twenty-fifth Street Bank for only a short time. Nothing was known of him there. He had left no trace. So far as any trail was concerned the existence of Jenkins began with his appearance at this bank and ended with his disappearance from Medillion. None of the clumsy little tracks left by the crude criminal were to be found in this case. He had just come, had got the money, and had gone. He was an artist.

"Well," said Chief Burns, "it looks as if a new 'kiter' had begun work among the banks in dead earnest. But I've seen work that resembles this before."

We hunted through our records, and sure enough, the same methods that had worked in Medillion had been used in Michigan about a year before. A coal man had advertised his business for sale, a prospective purchaser had appeared, had established his credit, had cashed drafts through introductions to the local banks, and had flitted, no one knew where. And no one had discovered.

Going back still further we found that about a year before another case of the same sort had been reported from Iowa. This was before the Burns agency began to handle the Bankers' Protective association's business. We hunted through all the records we could find, and as near as we could judge, about once every twelve months a man appeared in some small town as Jenkins had appeared in Medillion, and put over about the same kind of a job. The man never had been apprehended or even located. Upon investigating these old cases we found that the "kiter" always used a different name, that he was sometimes shaved, sometimes bearded, sometimes splurgily dressed, and sometimes quietly—but always he was a coal man of forceful character and apparent success. It was obvious that he and our "Mr. Jenkins" were one and the same man.

A hurried flitting around the country placed in my possession the various specimens of handwriting that had been left by the "kiter." At first I was amazed and disappointed to discover that they were all apparently the work of different men; but a few days' work on the part of our handwriting expert demonstrated that one man had written them all, but that he had so skilfully disguised his hand on each occasion as to make each specimen entirely different in appearance from the others. My respect for my quarry grew immensely at this revelation. The man was absolutely the cleverest forger I ever had heard of.

Now I knew that the Jenkins who had fooled the banks in Medillion was an old and expert hand at crime, that he had worked at it for at least six years, and that he seemed to do only one job a year. And still I was as far away from any apparent clew as when I started on the case. Somewhere in America this forceful, clever fellow was living on the proceeds of his crime. But what a task to look for him! For this Jenkins was not of the criminal type. He would not be found by hunting among crooks. He might be anywhere and in almost any plane of society.

The only physical proof that I had of the existence of Jenkins was his variously disguised hand-writing. This was the only trace that he had left of his presence. But this was enough, as it proved.

I will not tire the reader with telling about the weary weeks of futile toil I spent at first on the Jenkins case. They were weeks of searching and researching without finding anything. Nothing interesting happened in that time. But in the end, after the weariest sort of digging, I finally unearthed the salient fact that all of the coal men who had been the means of attracting the fatal Jenkins to their towns had advertised their business for sale in the same coal trade publication.

This publication was a small weekly issued at Philadelphia. It went only to retail coal dealers. It was not for sale on newsstands, nor was it to be found in any library in the country. It had 3,752 subscribers, and these were about the only people in the country who knew that such a publication existed. Reasoning the thing out it seemed possible to suppose that Jenkins for years had been a constant reader of this paper.

The case for this theory summed up thus:

Six certain men had published in this paper ads offering for sale a coal business, which Jenkins had answered.

These particular ads had appeared in a space covering six years.

In three cases at least he had asserted that he had seen the advertisement in this publication.

He was so familiar with all the up-to-date news of the trade that he could hardly have obtained it any other way than reading closely the gossip of a trade paper.

Against this of course was the possibility that Jenkins had merely hit upon these particular coal yards by accident. At all events, this was the only clue that I had to work on.

In Philadelphia I found the publisher of the coal paper to be a crabbed old fellow who would have nothing to do with me at first. I looked around and found that he was head-over-heels in debt, and that his bank held two notes against him which they were threatening to call in, which action would have put the old fellow out of business. The president of the bank, on my request, wrote a little note, and upon its presentation the publisher was glad to turn over for my inspection all his records. Together with the hand-writing expert I set to work on all the letters that the old man had in the office.

Fortunately the old fellow was of a suspicious habit of mind. Whenever anyone sent in an order for a subscription he not only placed the order on his books, but he filed away the original letter, to produce if the subscriber denied payment. He had over 2,500 of these letters, and our task was to look at each one and compare the signatures with the various disguised hand-writings of Jenkins. For I had decided that about the only way of getting a line on our man lay in the possibility that he was a subscriber to the coal trade paper, and that he had written a signed letter to the editor.

As the expert was looking over the 1,300th letter he jumped up with a shout.

"Here's our man!" he cried, and threw over to me a letter signed "A. J. Cummings, Neria, Ohio."

To the layman this signature was totally different from any of those we had found left by Jenkins, but the expert quickly proved that it was from the same hand.

The letter was written on Cummings' letter-head—he was in the coal and wood business in Neria—and was for a five years' subscription to the paper. Trains didn't run fast enough to suit me after that. I raced up to Medillion and got Clawson and Cross and Flink together. I wired the cashiers of banks in other towns who had been fleeced by Jenkins. I went to Neria, Ohio, a tiny town of 1,500 people, and got a spot on Cummings. He was a coal merchant—but I found that he was frequently absent from Neria for weeks at a time. And nobody knew where he went on these occasions.

I wired my bankers and the trio in Medillion:

"Come on to Neria and look him over."

They came as fast as trains could carry them. I pointed Jenkins out to them as he walked down the street. They recognized him, every man Jack of them, as "Jenkins."

Clawson went up and held out his hand.

"Hello, Jenkins," he said.

"You are mistaken," was the answer. "Cummings is my name."

"It is here," said Cross, stepping up, "but in Medillion it was Jenkins, all right."

"Yes," said Flink. "Why didn't you come back for your furniture?"

Cummings—Jenkins—looked around wildly. On every side of him he saw cashiers from the banks that he had swindled in the last six years. They greeted him by the different names he had used in their towns. Then I stepped up and showed him the letter he had written to the coal paper.

"But for this," I said, "we might never have got you."

Cummings was smart enough to see that the game was up. He made a complete confession, clearing up a lot of mysterious bank forgeries, and took 15 years in Auburn prison. His wife went free. She fought the case, alleging that Jenkins had forced her to help him by threats of death. She got a young jury, and she was a pretty, youthful looking woman.

We didn't care much about her, however. Jenkins—or rather Cummings—was the brains of the outfit, and we had put him where his brains couldn't do our clients any harm.

ADVENTURE WITH BIG SNAKE

Algot Lange's Description of His Encounter With a Fifty-Six Foot Boa Constrictor.

In his new book, "In the Amazon Jungles," (Putnam), Algot Lange tells of his encounter with a fifty-six foot boa constrictor: "On a soft muddy sand bar, half hidden by dead branches, I beheld a somewhat cone shaped mass about seven feet in height. From the base of this came the neck and head of the snake, flat on the ground, with beady eyes staring at us as we slowly advanced and stopped. The snake was coiled, forming an enormous pile of round, scaly monstrosity, large enough to crush us all to death at once. We had stopped at a distance of about fifteen feet from him, and looked at each other. I felt as if I were spellbound, unable to move a step farther or even to think or act on my own initiative.

"The snake still made no move, but in the clear moonlight I could see its body expand and contract in breathing; its yellow eyes seeming to radiate a phosphorescent light. I felt no fear, nor any inclination to retreat, yet I was now facing a beast that few men had ever succeeded in seeing. Thus we stood looking at each other, scarcely moving an eyelid, while the great silent monster looked at us. I slid my right hand down to the holster of my automatic pistol, the 9mm. Luger, and slowly removed the safety lock, at the same time staring into the faces of the man. In this manner I was less under the spell of the mesmerism of the snake, and could to some extent think and act.

"I wheeled around while I still held control of my faculties, and, perceiving a slight movement of the snake's coils, I fired point blank at the head, letting go the entire chamber of soft nose bullets. Instantly the other men woke up from their trance and in their turn fired, emptying their Winchesters into the huge head, which by this time was raised to a great height above us, loudly hissing in agony.

"Our wild yelling echoed through the deep forest. The snake uncoiled itself and writhing with pain made for the water's edge. By this time we were relieved of the terrible suspense, but we took care to keep at a respectful distrance from the struggling reptile and the powerful lashing of the tail, which would have killed a man with one blow."

BELASCO STRONG ON REALISM

Theatrical Producer Insists That Everything on the Stage Shall Be in Perfect Harmony.

David Belasco is famous for his attention to minute detail in the staging of the plays which he produces. He even passed on the kinds of nails and tacks used in the building of his scenery. But he surpassed himself this season when he put on "The Case of Becky, a play which deals with hypnotic suggestion. The first and second acts of the piece take place in the office of a sanitarium and the physician in charge is noted as a great authority on hypnotism.

Soon after the first production of the play Belasco was showing a friend all the scenic effects of the production. On the desk of the physician was stationery stamped with the fictitious name of the sanitarium.

"This," explained the producer, "is merely a small detail to create the impression in the minds of the actors that they are in a real sanitarium instead of on the stage."

He then threw open the door of a large bookcase which ordinarily would have contained dummy volumes.

"There," he explained in a matter-of-fact tone, "is the best library in this country on hypnotism and suggestion. It contains 400 volumes on those subjects, and I have been collecting them for the past two years. It is much better to have the real books in the book cases. It makes the man who plays the specialist believe that he really knows something about the subject."

A Serious One.

"What do you think is the real, most vital problem of the race?"

"That's easy. To pick the winner."

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., November 28, 1912

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub.

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WE GIVE THANKS

One might say off-hand that there is little for a Republican to give thanks for and that this Thanksgiving Day is of a hand-picked variety especially selected for Democrats.

But is it? We think not. It is true the Democrats can give thanks that the Republican party was divided, allowing them to slide in the side door. It is also true that Republicans generally got a ticket of leave instead of offices at the recent election. It is again true that in 22 States Democratic Governors were elected. Some of the most discouraged in the Republican party need a spy glass these days to find as much as a ray of hope.

But why should any Republican be discouraged? The scrap of a few weeks ago may prove to be a good thing. Republicans over the country were having things their own way so easily and so overwhelmingly that they got the notion into their heads that they could split among themselves and still win out They were top heavy and bulging at the sides. They were in so long that they could not realize how easy it might be to be thrown out. They adopted the surest course to bring about the throwing out process. They started a beautiful family row and as a result the Democrats walked into the house and took possession of everything in sight, including the family album.

It is said that a good licking often has a tendency to bring fighting people together. If this is so Republicans have every reason in the world to present a united front against the common enemy in the future. The remedy was drastic, but perhaps it was needed. If it had to come it is well that it is over.

Now the Democrats have everything to themselves, and it is this fact which to our mind furnishes Republicans cause for giving thanks today. Take a look over the pages of history and you will observe that the only times the Democrats are united, or anything like united, is when they are going after the offices. Once they get into power Democratic harmony is about as scarce an article as a mere man at a convention of suffragettes. Already there are signs of trouble to come at Washington. The Hon. Woodrow Wilson this early in the game gives evidence of how easy it will be for others to get along with him. While a candidate he warmed up, or thawed out, so handsomely that he said he enjoyed being called "Doc," or "Kid," or "Woody." In those same days he posed for photographs and it made no difference what the hour when the photographer arrived on the scene. But that was before the election. Already we find Mr. Wilson becoming his natural self. Down at Bermuda the other day he threatened to thrash a luckless photographer who displayed the impudence to try and do what he had been invited to do many times before election day. He committed the grave crime of trying to photograph the next President. And the next President became angry and threatened to knock him down. There were some who found it difficult to believe this to be the same Wilson who tossed kisses to the babies and relished being dubbed "Woody" and "Doc." The offending photographer must have rubbed his eyes and wondered at the transformation.

Those who know the man predict that within a year after he takes charge at Washington he will be at open war with his own party. The open break may come with the attempt to smash the tariff and supplant it with free trade. His selection and rejection of Bryan for a Cabinet place may start the trouble even before the tariff tinkering is begun. Ordinarily there would be ample cause for Republicans to be discouraged but on this day of thanksgiving it would seem that a vision of the future is more disturbing to those who but a few weeks ago were so loudly acclaiming themselves upon their victory.

Read "The Republican" one dollar in advance

REMEMBER THE HOSPITAL.

Do not forget that on this Thanksgiving Day the Bellefonte hospital needs your moral and substantial support. The splendid work being done within the hospital walls calls upon you for not only your admiration but for your material help. Donations of any kind will be acceptable. Clothing, linen, groceries, foods of all kinds will be welcome. In your homes of comfort and plenty let the appeal of the hospital find a ready response. Do not let the day pass without having done something to give those at the hospital good cause for regarding the day as one for the giving of thanks.

SHOP EARLY, ALSO—

"Shop early," is timely advice to those desiring to take advantage of the best selection of Christmas gifts. The merchant very properly urges his patrons to shop early and avoid the rush. Those who put off shopping until the last hour invariably find themselves at a disadvantage. It is well to plan ahead in the matter of Christmas shopping and visit the stores in time to see them at their best.

The merchant urging his patrons to shop early should not forget to do his part. His patrons naturally expect him to advertise his line of Christmas gifts, and advertise early. Otherwise those who wish to shop early are unable to simplify their task by deciding in advance what they wish to purchase. The merchant who advertises what he has for Christmas shoppers stands the best chance for receiving a larger share of the holiday trade than does the one who places upon purchasers the unfair burden of seeking him out and going through the unnecessary task of inquiring what he has to offer.

If all our merchants will advertise early it is reasonably certain that much of the shopping will be done in advance of the closing week of the holidays. It is inconsistent, however, to ask people to shop early unless merchants are enterprising enough to encourage shopping at home in preference to the cities.

John F. Irwin Dead.

John F. Irwin died at his late home in Clearfield on Sunday of last week. Old age had been telling upon him for a year or two and the dissolution came as a result of a general breaking down caused by the infirmities thereof.

He was born near Bellefonte, February 21, 1829, and was therefore aged 83 years, 8 months and 28 days at the time of his death.

He was taken by his parents to Clearfield county when not a year old and settled on a farm near Grampian. His parents were Ellis and Hannah Iddings Irwin, honored pioneers of that section of the state.

Black Under the Eyes Explained.

"In the north country"—so goes the story in "Sun Babies," by Cornelia Sorabja—"in the month of Kartik is worshiped by the women folks the great and terrible god Bhishma. Lighted lamps must be placed at the cross roads of the village, under the sacred fig tree, at the shrine of Shiva, and one little lighted lamp is sent adrift on a raft in the village tank. When the lamps have burned low it is good to rub the black from the wicks under the eyes. It keeps away the evil one. So that is the reason to this day we women put the black beneath the eyes."

Natural Ear Trumpets.

It has been ascertained that the spiral horn of a wild sheep, when so placed that the ear is in the axis of the coil, makes the direction from which the ticking of a watch comes more easily discernible. Since the ear of the sheep is surrounded by the horn it is inferred that the latter acts as an ear trumpet, not improving the hearing for distant sounds, but disclosing the direction of a sound. This would be useful in enabling the sheep to ascertain the exact points whence sounds come when there is a mist or fog covering its feeding grounds.—Exchange.

Carlyle's Way.

Carlyle appears in a brief reminiscence from the pen of Percy Fitzgerald thus: The thing with Carlyle was to send out for a long churchwarden (a clay pipe) and a screw of tobacco, which put him in great good humor. He talked to his plate, as you might say. If anybody said anything from which he dissented you would hear him murmuring, "Oh, the puir auld fool; a regular puir auld fool!"

The Mean Is Golden.

"How did Jones come to fail?" asked Binks.

"Oh, he had no confidence in himself," replied Jinks.

"And what caused Brown to fail?" asked Binks.

"He was too confident," replied Jinks.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Fair Proof.

"I wonder if she cares for me at all?"

"Has she given you no sign?"

"One. Once I saw her setting the clock back when I came to call."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

GUARANTEED RECIPES

Bellefonte Woman's Club Presents Selected List.

When a woman recommends a recipe for some particular dish it is a reasonably safe guide to follow. But when a number of women, Bellefonte women, too, not only recommend but guarantee a selection of recipes then you have something worth while. Of late the Bellefonte Woman's Club has been selecting recipes and submitting them to the women generally. The idea proved so popular that this week the Publicity Committee of the club presents a fine assortment with the assurance that they are guaranteed. The recipes follow:

FOAM TART.

1 oz. of A sugar,
6 oz. of flour,
4 oz. of butter,
1 egg.

Bake in a round cake about as thick as cookies. Spread when cold with a thick boiled custard, then with a meringue and brown in a mild oven.

GINGER GEMS.

1 cup of brown sugar,
½ cup lard or butter,
1 cup of molasses,
1 cup of butter milk or sour milk,
2 cups of flour,
2 eggs.
A little salt,
2 level teaspoonsfuls of soda dissolved in warm water.
1 teaspoonful of cloves,
1½ teaspoonful of ginger,
1½ teaspoonful of cinnamon.

RICE PUFFS.

Add to 1 pint of cold boiled rice, 1 cup of milk, 3 well beaten eggs, 1 tablespoon of melted butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon of baking powder, a little salt and 12 oz. flour to make a thick batter. Drop by spoonfuls in hot deep fat or fry a delicate brown, dust with powdered sugar and serve with Maryland sauce.

MARYLAND SAUCE.

Cream 2 tablespoons of butter, 4 tablespoons brown sugar and yokes of two eggs. Add ½ cup peach syrup and a small piece of cinnamon bark, stir over hot water until it thickens.

FLANNEL CAKES.

1 pt milk (half sweet and half sour).
1 egg beaten separately,
A very small teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in hot water and added to the sour milk,
1 tablespoon of melted butter and lard,
1 teaspoonful of salt,
1 teaspoonful of sugar,
Flour enough to make a batter consistancy of griddle cakes.

GINGER BREAD.

1 cup baking molasses,
1 cup brown sugar,
1 cup of butter,
3 eggs beaten lightly,
3 cups of flour,
1 cup of boiling water,
2 teaspoonfuls of baking soda.

GRAHAM GEMS.

1 pt. butter milk,
½ teaspoon salt,
2 tablespoons sugar,
3 tablespoons melted butter,
1 teaspoon of soda,
Enough graham flour for a stiff batter. Bake in a hot oven 20 minutes.

BEEF LOAF.

2½ lbs of lean beef and ¼ lb of fresh ham, ground; 2 eggs, 1 cup sweet milk; 1 teaspoonful black pepper; a pinch of red pepper; 1 tablespoon of sugar; 1 tablespoon of salt; ½ nutmeg. All well mixed, and made into one or two loaves. Bake in oven 1¼ hour.

STUFFED BEEF STEW.

Take a thick slice from the round, make slits in it about two inches long and almost through the slice. Fill these with filling made from bread crumbs, seasoned. Roll up and tie well. Put into a baking pan, add a slice of onion, a carrot, a sprig of parsley, and a quart of water. Cover and cook slowly for about two hours.

SPONGE CAKE.

8 eggs, beaten separately,
2 cups sugar,
2 scant cups of flour,
1 even teaspoon of baking powder.
Flavor with lemon and bake in a slow oven.

Guaranteed by the Bellefonte Woman's Club, Publicity Committee.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the Bellefonte post office: John Finn, Jr., Jack Fisher, F. F. Kirk, C. M. McMonigal, Mrs. James Smith, Mrs. A. D. Young, Mrs. Catherine May Wagner. Persons calling for these letters kindly state the same have been advertised in "The Republican."

Wanted.

Young man or lady with influence, to represent established Florst, in Bellefonte, and State College. Apply by letter, "Florst" care this paper.—Advt.

Twinges of rheumatism, backache, stiff joints and shooting pains all show your kidneys are not working right. Urinary irregularities, loss of sleep, nervousness weak back and sore kidneys tell the need of a good reliable kidney medicine Foley Kidney Pills are a tonic, strengthening and restorative. They build up the kidneys and regulate their action. They will give you quick relief and contain no habit forming drugs. Safe and always sure. Try them.—Sold by C. M. Parrish. Advt.

Their Precious Postage Stamps.

A few years ago a small procession of French troopers triumphantly escorted a sergeant carrying two postage stamps. The story of the latter is interesting. The sergeant, belonging to the French contingent of the troops of occupation, arrived in Crete with a young Creole wife, whom he had married while he was serving in a French colony. She brought him no dower in money, but a handsome marriage portion all the same, consisting of two postage stamps. These are rare specimens of Mauritian issues, and have been estimated by experts as worth £1,600.

The sergeant was told that their value would increase, and instead of selling them he had them framed and placed his treasure in a Cretan bank. As the time was approaching for the departure of the troops of occupation he went to the bank with his wife to withdraw his deposit, and his comrades formed a procession to escort the couple carrying home their fortune in two postage stamps.

Is Woman Too Fresh?

Woman is no longer the salt of the earth; man is, according to the latest discoveries of science as chronicled in the Paris Matin. Not since Lot's wife has woman had enough chloride of sodium in her makeup, and that is the explanation of her general inferiority to man. Woman, says science, is too fresh. The newest conclusion of the laboratory is that the physical and mental development of a human being depends on the percentage of salt in the blood. The blood of the man has more salt than the blood of the woman, and for that reason woman can never expect to equal the sterner sex in physical force, reason or intelligence. There is in the Matin's scientific discussion but one redeeming assertion in favor of womanhood—that is, that since her facial angle is nearer to that of the higher animals than man's is, for that reason her senses are duller and pain hurts her less than it hurts her salty and more intelligent brother.

Men They Wouldn't Hang.

To escape the gallows because one's neck is not suitable for hanging must certainly be counted a curious reason. Yet this has occurred more than once. Some years ago there took place a particularly atrocious murder of a woman. Despite the horrible crime, for which he deserved no mercy and which, indeed, no one expected would be meted out to him, the criminal was reprieved. It transpired that the man's spinal column at his neck consisted of nothing more than a mere mass of gristle. If he had been placed upon the gallows his head would have been torn from his body.

In another case the murderer was deformed, and the surgeon who examined him was of the opinion that any attempt to hang the convict would only end in failure. A reprieve was granted by the home office on these grounds.—Pearson's.

Drowning a Fish.

The shark is a monster justly dreaded by the swimmer or unfortunate sailor who falls overboard; yet, from the following extract from the manuscript journal of an oriental traveler, it would appear that the divers employed in the pearl fisheries have little fear of them. He says: "The ravenous nature and great strength of the shark are well known, yet the divers in the East Indian pearl fisheries think little of entering the lists against him, armed with a strong piece of wood sharpened at both ends. Awaiting the opening of his enormous mouth, they thrust in their arm, holding the wood perpendicularly, and his mouth being kept thus extended he swallows water and is drowned."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Wriggling Tongues.

Lawyers are not freer than other public speakers from slips of the tongue. Mr. Asquith of the English cabinet in a speech in parliament said:

"Let it be known, gentlemen, that of these just demands we abate not one jit or tottle."

A few days later an English judge, after a policeman had testified that he had found the prisoners in bed with their clothes on, asked in amazement:

"Do you mean to say that they had gone to boot with their beds on?"

Artful Ada.

Ada (pensively)—I hope you'll invite me to the wedding when you get married.

Jack (boldly)—You'll be the first person I shall invite, and if you don't accept there won't be any wedding.

Three months later she married him.—London Mail.

The Real Thing.

Express Clerk—Value of this package, please? Fair Damsel—Twenty-five thousand dollars. Express Clerk—Huh? Fair Damsel—You heard what I said. Those are love letters from old Bagsocoyne, and I'm sending 'em to my lawyer.—Cleveland Leader.

The Drift.

A Correction.—"We are drifting toward a paternal form of government," said the economist. "Pardon me if I correct you," responded the suffragette gently; "to be accurate you should say a maternal form of government."—Case and Comment.

Awfully Slow.

He—Darling, I have loved you ever since first we met. She—Well, why didn't you say so long ago? Did you think I was a mind reader?

Happy the man who early learns the wide chasm that lies between his wishes and his powers.—Goethe.

Royal
Baking
Powder
Absolutely Pure
The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar
Adds Healthful Qualities to the Food.

Trouble and a Camera In Cairo.

I perceived that it would be impossible to photograph any of the bazaars of Cairo without very efficient help. By great good fortune I ran across an excellent dragoman a couple of hours later. He could speak English well, and his terms were reasonable. I explained to him what I wanted to do, and he said he could manage it, so I promptly engaged him, and the following afternoon found me again at the bazaars. Here, in spite of almost insuperable difficulties, I secured several good photographs. No sooner had I taken my camera out of its case than I was literally hemmed in by a crowd of curious people, and before the photograph could be taken these had to be kept back and the traffic stopped on either side of the subject being photographed. The difficulties involved may possibly be imagined, certainly not described. Once a native policeman came to my aid, thrashing right and left with a rope end. The ubiquitous small boy, who wears nothing but an abbreviated cotton gown, went off bowling. When the photograph had been taken, everybody wanted bakshcesh, and my dragoman had to fight off all those not entitled to a fee. I was glad to pay the men who frequently volunteered to keep the crowds back.—Christian Herald.

Just For a Change.

The great celebrity was seriously ill, and the attending physicians had diagnosed his case as appendicitis. They so informed him.

"Very well," he replied calmly. "I have only one request to make. I presume an operation is inevitable?"

"It is," they told him.

"That being so," the great man went on, in the same calm manner, "please arrange to operate on me from below. It is my desire, when the time comes to operate, that I be rigged up securely in some hammock-like arrangement and that the surgeons work upon me as I swing suspended over their heads."

"His mind is wandering," whispered the attendants.

"Not so," corrected the patient, "not at all. I wish merely to give the newspapers a chance to say something else than that I am 'under the knife.'"—Brooklyn Times.

How Soap Cleanses.

A Belgian chemist who has studied the action of soap on various soiling substances of different colors has arrived at the conclusion that the cleansing of an object consists in a process of substitution. There is brought about a colloidal combination of the soap and the soiling substance, which, by reason of its constitution, no longer has the power of fixing itself by absorption on to the solid body, with the result that it is easily carried away by the water. Thus in washing with soap one puts it in contact with one's soiling substances, these latter having a greater affinity for the former than for one's skin. Soap has even a greater affinity for one's skin than for the substances, which it proceeds to replace and to set free to be taken up by the water and removed.

She Paid the Duty.

An English traveler, leaving Alexandria, received a parting present of a large cake, and received it with what enthusiasm she could, but landed at Venice with the cake entire. The eyes of the dogana spied it. "Duty is due for the design on white sugar that decorates the top of that cake." The traveler answered that as the duty seemed quite heavy she would prefer to sink the cake into the waters of the Adriatic. "But," said the official, "you cannot do that inasmuch as the design in sugar aforesaid on the top of the cake is the property of the king of Italy." The traveler then courageously offered to consume the sugar and drown the cake; but not so might she escape, nor did she.

"The Girl From Broadway."

The coming of "The Girl From Broadway" will introduce to theatregoers of Bellefonte on Monday December 9th, an interesting debutante in the part of the widow, the sweetheart of Rosenbloom. She is, Gretchen VonBerger a pretty demure little lady, scarcely eighteen years of age, whose ambition in life is to some day take the place of Anna Held in the heart of the public. Anna Held is her guiding star, so to speak, and Miss Ellison says she will never really be happy until she sees her name in three sheets and electric signs as she sees Anna Held to-day. With that end in view she went to Paris and entered a famous musical school and graduates therefrom with flying colors. After a season or two on the road she caught the eyes of "The Girl From Broadway" management by her clever work and pleasing personality. With the result that she is now a full fledged leading musical comedy star, and from the notices she has received this season, bids fair to realize her lofty ambition in the not far distant future. Prices, 35, 50, 75c, $1.—Advt.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.—Advt.

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of Mrs. Fannie Carson, late of Patton Township, deceased.

Letters of administration in the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Centre County, Pennsylvania, all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make payment and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same duly authenticated without delay to

THOMAS A. HARTSOCK, Administrator.
Stormstown, R. F. D.

Harry Keller, Att'y
11-21-6t

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store.

Eggs, per dozen	.35
Butter, per pound	.30

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.90
Wheat, red	.95
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.70
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.70
Oats, (per bu.)	.40
Rye, (per bu.)	.70
Barley, (per bu.)	.60
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.50

Wolf & Hile

Brick-Layers

Work done by the hour or on Contract.

WILLIAM WOLF,
P. O. Bellefonte, Pa.

J. O. HILE,
P. O. Pleasant, Gap, Pa.

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

Miss Carry Butler was a business visitor in Bellefonte on Monday of this week.

Miss Trixie Confer of Yarnell is a guest this week at the home of Miss Eva Neff.

Miss Gertrude Dietz was a visitor at the Clinton County seat several days last week.

William Weber transacted business in Bellefonte during the fore part of the week.

Mrs. Simon Walker of Avis, visited friends and relatives in this place over Sunday.

Prof. J. C. Weirick, of Lock Haven, enjoyed a rabbit hunt in this vicinity on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Ertle attended the funeral of a relative in Lock Haven on Wednesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Pletcher and daughter of Newark, N. J. are visiting relatives in this place this week.

Mrs. John H. Mokle and Mrs. J. Will Mayes were called to Lemont this week on account of the death of their mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Leathers were passengers east on Tuesday morning, bound for Northumberland where they will visit at her home for awhile.

J. T. Lucas, of Moshannon, stopped off to visit his son Clyde while on his way home from the 45th Regimental reunion at Williamsport on Thursday.

Bernard Long, who is employed in Pittsburgh, came home last Wednesday, departing on Sunday evening with his wife and child, where they expect to make their home.

M. M. Hunter, formerly a resident of Howard borough, but now residing in Altoona and soliciting for the M. W. of A., was a business visitor in this place several days this week.

H. C. Holter and Joshua R. Pheasant, two of our "Old Vets," attended the reunion given by one of their number to the 45th Regimental Association in Williamsport on Thursday.

Rev. Bergen delivered a good sermon to his many hearers in the Evangelical church on Sunday morning last and on Tuesday departed with his wife for their home at Coal Center, Pa.

Messrs. D. W. Pletcher, William Rimert and Reuben Lucas were business transactors in Bellefonte on Tuesday, regarding the condemnation of land by the P. R. R. Co. in Howard borough and township.

Mt. Eagle.

Everybody is butchering these days.

The Mt. Eagle Disciples have preaching in their church next Sunday night.

Mrs. Carrie G. Kunes and youngest son spent Sunday with friends in Mt. Eagle.

We regret to note that Uncle Samuel Leathers is not much improved at this writing.

Mrs. Etta Leathers last week suffered a very severe attack of quinzy, but she is all right again.

Miss Pearl Gates and brother, Daniel, were in Philadelphia last week, returning home on Saturday evening.

Mrs Clara McCallion and daughter, Miss Lizzie, of Howard, had supper with friends here on Saturday evening.

The Anderson Bros. are rushing the new road through as fast as they can. They have the dinkey track to Howard and widening the fill right along.

E. H. Leathers and John Leathers, who were out in the mountains on a hunting expedition, returned home on Saturday evening. They had no deer.

Jerry Bathurst, who is a son-in-law of Mrs. Etta Leathers and who resides in Reading, visited here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Bathurst, last Sunday.

John Donahoe, one of the foremen for Anderson Bros., moved his household goods into Mrs. Etta Leathers' house, recently vacated by Al. Strickland.

On Friday, last, Mr. and Mrs. Al. Anderson and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hileman, of Altoona, drove to Mt. Eagle in their machine, Mr. and Mrs. Hileman spending the night with the latter's sister, Mrs. J. R. Pheasant, and returning home on Saturday afternoon.

Well, Mr. Editor, to start out with, I might say that your scribe and Corporal W. H. Musser, of Bellefonte, took in the reunion of the 45th at Williamsport last Thursday. To say that we had a good time would be putting it mildly. But you might just ask Corporal Musser what they charge at the drug store to shine a man's shoes.

Hublersburg.

There is a medicine show in town during this week.

Miss Lulu Zerby has gone to Lamar to board with Mrs. Meyers.

Mrs. Maurey, of Zion, spent a few days last week with her niece, Mrs. P. A. Hinds.

P. A. Hinds, Boyd Carner, A. D. Gunsallus and Boyd Heckman are out on a hunting trip.

Miss Grace Sigmund and mother, of Salona, visited over Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Yocum.

Harry Weaver has returned from his hunting trip. His party secured 4 deer, a wild cat and some other small game.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Hoy and family have returned to Lewistown, taking with them James Decker, who has secured employment there.

William Carner, who is spending the winter with friends in Pine Station, came home Monday to attend the funeral of Mrs. J. C. Carner.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Williams and family, of Orviston, spent Sunday at the home of J. L. Kessinger, and took Mr. Kessinger's mother along with them for a few weeks visit.

Pine Grove Mills.

G. A. Goss came in with a fine turkey on Monday.

The Riley hunters have three fine deer to their credit.

Hogs are dying by the score—from the knife. Many big butcher dinners are on the program.

George J. Beahers, who has been very near the border line the past week, is somewhat improved.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Goss are visiting friends at Spruce Creek, spending the time with J. N. Bell and others.

Assessor Jacob Harpster is busy counting the worthless curs and also taking stock of all property, real and personal.

Oscar Heckman, who moved from Penns valley to Illinois, last Spring, reports a nice little girl baby at their home.

Alfred Musser, of Clearfield, is visiting his mother on Main Street. His health has not been so rugged as was once the case.

Rev. S. L. Spangler, of Selinsgrove, is spending his Thanksgiving vacation becoming better acquainted with his parishioners.

Field Secretary of Missions, Miss Bickel gave a splendid lecture in the Lutheran church at Pine Grove Mills on Tuesday evening.

Miss Estella M. Heberling has returned to her home on Main Street from the Bellefonte hospital, and seems to be quite well again.

W. Hamill Glenn is a very sick man. On Monday, while on his way from town, he took violently ill and at this writing is but little improved.

The first tracking snow fell Sunday night, when the mercury dropped away down and the wind blew a gale all day at the rate of 50 miles an hour.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Miller closed their home just west of town and flitted to Tyrone, taking quarters with their son-in-law, Mr. Bathurst, for the winter.

After a week's visit among their friends at State College and Pine Grove Mills, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Fry returned to their home at Altoona on Monday morning.

The nimrods in the mountains report poor luck. Charles Smith brought down a 10 pointer, a fine specimen of the fleet foot. He is with the Kepler and Krebs crew.

Mr. Irvin, the man of hammer and tongs at Baileyville, is happy over the arrival of the stock, which left behind a little fellow who some day can help father blow and strike.

Our young friend, Ed. Martz and his wife, who went to Cleveland, Ohio, in the early summer, are flitting back and will occupy the Mary Wright home on Water Street.

At the advanced age of 39 years, Maud, the animal that served its master, A. G. Archey, so faithfully and well, was found down in the pasture field, totally paralyzed and was promptly despatched to horse heaven with a merciful bullet.

A reunion of the Elders was held at the Samuel Elder home, in the Glades, last Saturday, when some forty were royally entertained by Mrs. Elder and her capable daughters. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, of Ohio, were guests of honor.

David F. Kapp, who underwent a successful operation for appendicitis in the Huntingdon hospital several weeks ago, is now back at his desk as cashier of the First National Bank at State College. His many friends will be glad to learn of his speedy recovery.

The veteran drover, W. S. Cummins, is making his last trip through the valley this week, buying up stock, after which he will retire behind the cookstove for the winter. During the season he has driven over old Tussey mountain more than 200 head of cattle, in addition to shipping several car loads of sheep.

Our merchant, J. N. Everts, and his good wife are having more than their share of bad luck. Last Friday Mr. Everts lost his balance and pitched headlong down the cellar steps, sustaining serious injuries. The ligaments of his left leg were ruptured, confining him ever since to his bed. The following day his wife stepped onto a rusty nail, and as a result she is limping and suffering considerable pain.

Port Matilda.

Eugene Dayton, of Vail, spent Sunday among friends in town.

"King winter" is here at last, with plenty of cold wind but not much snow.

Our hunting club returned from the mountain Saturday and report "no success."

Mrs. Margaret Ellenberger and Mrs. W. G. L. Crain are visiting friends in Osceola.

Mrs. William Shultz spent last Wednesday with her brother, Paul Reese, at Birmingham.

Mrs. Alice Cann has returned from a week's visit with her sister, Mrs. Joseph Weaver of Blandburg.

Mrs. Henry, of Martha, and son Thompson, who is employed in Alabama, as a mining engineer, also Miss Elizabeth Wigton, of Spruce Creek, and Mr. Budd Thompson, of Martha, spent Sunday at Dr. Thompson's.

On Monday two of our former young men, William and Paul Turner, returned from the West for an extended visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benner Turner. Will has been in the West for the past five years, part of the time in Kansas City, Mo., and has recently been in business in Texas. Paul has been employed in Kansas City since he left two years ago.

On Saturday evening the Misses Florence and Mabel Williams entertained a party of young people in honor of their house guest, Miss Ruth Ayers of Altoona. Those present were Zenovia Miles, Mayme Laird, Ethel Crain, Ruth Cowher, Edna Williams, Leora Harshberger, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Crain, Rev. G. A. Williams and wife, Harold Bennett, Raymond Osman and Harold Shope.

NO MORE "SMOKERS"

Cigar Makers Now Must Step up to the Counter and Buy Like Others.

Time was when the average ciagar maker never left his case for the day without first rolling a few "smokers" for his evening's enjoyment. On Saturday evenings he never overlooked rolling from six to ten for his Sunday smoking, And naturally, his "smoker" represented about the very best tobacco in the shop.

But that is now a thing of the past. The "smoker" of the good old days is scheduled to pass out of existence. Uncle Sam is responsible for a new rule which necessitates manufacturers issuing an order that hereafter their cigar makers must step up to the counter and buy their cigars for evening and over-Sunday. To make the new order of things as easy as possible the manufacturers will sell to their employes cigars at actual cost.

Internal Revenue Collectors and their deputies are busy these days compiling a complete record of the number of employes in each cigar factory and the average number of "smokers" each is accustomed to roll daily. The owner of the factory is required to swear to the accuracy of the statement so far as his own employes is concerned. For all "smokers" so taken the manufacturer must pay to the goverment a revenue tax of $3 per thousand. To save payment on this additional tax the manufacturer has ordered a ban on "smokers." The manufacturer, himself, cannot smoke one of his cigars without first paying a tax on it.

The new government order was promulgated a year or two ago, but its constitutionality was questioned and therefore enforcement was delayed. A week or two ago came word that the constitutionality of the order had been sustained and Revenue Collectors and deputies were instructed to compile their list and file the same not later than December 1st, next. The lists are based on the average number of "smokers" used since January 1, 1912. In some factories the additional item of expense will amount to a good many dollars. Occasionally there is encountered a manufacturer who was clever enough to figure things out for himself when the rule was originally announced and who at that time stopped the rolling of "smokers" in his factory. Deputy Collector G. W. Reese, in charge of this district, came across such a lucky manufacturer in Lock Haven one day last week. He was able to swear to his statement that there were no "smokers" rolled in his factory during the past year.

After all, the manufacturer is not so dreadfully put out over the new rule. He will have to pay an increased tax for the past year, but this will be far below what he will save in the cost of "smokers" in the years to come. In fact, it is suspected that manufacturers in Florida really brought about the new ruling. In some factories in the South there are from 200 to 300 cigar makers, and each was accustomed to taking home three and four cigars a day, to say nothing of ten or a dozen for over Sunday. In many instances it was known that these "smokers" were secretly sold outside the factory. It is estimated that the new order will result in a saving of thousands of dollars annually to manufacturers.

Mrs. M. F. B. Chauvenet Dead.

Mrs. Mary Fleming Burnside, wife of S. Hemple Chauvenet, died on Sunday, November 24th. at her late home at Sheridan, Pa., in her 58th year. Funeral services were held on Wednesday, November 27th, at St. Stephens church, Harrisburg. The deceased was born in Bellefonte and was well known here. She was a cousin of Mrs. H. C. Valentine and visited the latter as recently as last summer. She was a sister of the late Cameron Burnside and a granddaughter of Hon. Simon Cameron.

Lemont.

Many friends will be sad to hear of the death of Mrs. J. B. Mayes. The funeral services will be Friday morning at 10.30 o'clock.

Quite a few of the friends at Lemont attended the funeral of George Martz, of Bellwood, a brother of Norris Martz.

Mrs. Anna Williams and Oscar Williams and son recently visited at the home of Alice Williams.

P. C. Bradfords returned home Wednesday from Colyer, where they have been spending a week visiting with friends.

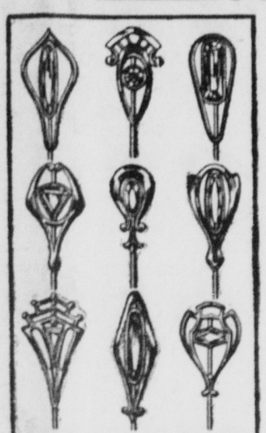
William Rishel was visiting among friends at Altoona the latter part of last week.

The services are still continuing in the M. E. church.

FREE GOLDEN SOUVENIRS FREE

THREE DAYS ONLY—THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

Rexall Remedies and Rexall Toilet Aids



FREE One of these Handsome Jeweled, Gold Plated Tie Pins with every purchase of $1.00 worth of Rexall Remedies and Toilet Preparations, providing you have not already received a souvenir on part of that purchase.

are guaranteed to give satisfaction in each and every case—or your money back. There is no string to this offer; it means exactly what it says.

If any preparation or article bearing the name of **Rexall** does not give you perfect satisfaction and please you in every way, we want you to come back and get your money. We know what each **Rexall** preparation is made of—we know each is made right—we guarantee them to satisfy or money back

FREE One pair of these lovely Roman Gold Collar Pins with every 25 cent purchase of any of the Rexall Remedies or Rexall Toilet Preparations.

SEE THESE FREE GOLD SOUVENIRS IN OUR WINDOW

This is a golden opportunity to get a beautiful Golden Souvenir *Entirely Free.*

FREE One of these Beautiful Gold Plated Hat Pins with $1.00 worth of any of the Rexall Remedies or Rexall Toilet Preparations, providing you have not already received a souvenir on part of that purchase.

There are More Than Three Hundred and Fifty of the Celebrated

Rexall Remedies and Rexall Toilet Aids

for you to choose from. Replenish your stock *now* and *get a Free Golden Souvenir*

This Souvenir Sale is Thursday, Friday, Saturday—Three Days Only

NOVEMBER 28, 29, & 30.

Green's Pharmacy Co.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

MRS. J B. MAYES DEAD

Well Known Resident of Lemont Succumbs After Long Illness.

Death claimed a splendid woman and well known resident of Lemont when on Tuesday morning, at 2 o'clock, Mrs. J. B. Mayes closed her eyes in restful sleep. Her peaceful passing away marked the culmination of an illness which dated back to February, last. She had never been very strong since that time, although of late it was thought she was slightly improving. Her death, while not entirely unexpected, came as a profound shock to her family and a host of affectionate friends. Funeral services will be held on Friday morning at 10 o'clock from the late home in Lemont. Interment will be made at Boalsburg.

Mrs. Mayes was 65 years old. Before her marriage she was Miss Mary Etta Brown. She was a life-long active and consistent member of the Evangelical church. Because of her many splendid qualities she was held in loving esteem by all who were privileged to know her intimately, and by them her memory will long be cherished. Surviving to mourn her passing away are her husband, J. B. Mayes, and these children: Jared, Charles and John, of Milton; Frank, of Lemont; J. Will, of Howard; Mrs. Robert Evey and Thomas Mayes, of Bellefonte; Mrs. John Mokel, of Howard, and Miss Maude Mayes, at home. One brother, residing in Kansas City, Mo., also survives.

Everett Ellsworth Johnson Dead.

Everett Ellsworth Johnson died from tuberculosis at the Mt. Alto sanitarium on Wednesday morning of last week after an illness of about one year. Deceased was a former resident of Hublersburg. He was employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad at Pittsburg until about one year ago, when failing health necessitated his giving up active work. He was an earnest and consistent member of the Evangelical church and was held in high esteem by all who knew him. Funeral services were held at Hublersburg on Saturday, conducted by Rev. Mr. Dunning, of Howard M. E. church, and a minister from State College. Mr. Johnson was a son of Claude Johnson, of State College, who survives, as do also a brother, Jasper, of Bellefonte, and a sister, Mrs. Bernice Stover, of Boalsburg.

John Walk Dead.

John Walk, who had been in failing health for some time, died at his home at One Mile Run last Saturday morning at the age of 36 years, the result of tuberculosis. The family moved there about six months ago from Bald Eagle. The deceased was born near Hannah Furnace. Besides his wife he is survived by four children. The funeral was held from his late home on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Wanted.

In car load lots one million feet white pine in 4 quarter, 5 quarter, 6 quarter, and thicker. Address,

LUMBERMAN
Lock Haven, Pa.

11-27-4t.

Mrs. Jeremiah Dinges Dead.

Residents of Boalsburg and relatives of the deceased are mourning the death of one of its most highly esteemed ladies, Mrs. Julia Dinges, widow of the late Jeremiah Dinges, whose death occurred a few minutes before midnight Thursday. Mrs. Dinges had been ill since the preceding Saturday with typhoid-pneumonia and from the first her condition was regarded as very serious. The deceased was a daughter of David and Zeporah (Ream) Young and was born at Boalsburg, October 9, 1854, being aged a little over 58 years. Her husband died in August 1909.

Surviving her are four sisters, Mrs. Maggie Smith, New Jersey; Mrs. Mary Brouse, Pine Grove Mills; Mrs. John R. Williams, Lemont; Mrs. William L. Steele, Bellefonte, and two brothers, Israel Young, of Boalsburg, and George Young, of State College.

Mrs. Dinges was a devoted member of the Reformed church and an ardent worker in the Boalsburg Civic Club and enjoyed a large circle ot acquaintances. The funeral took place Sunday afternoon at 2.30, services being conducted by her pastor Rev. Stover, assisted by Rev. Stonecypher. Interment was made at Boalsburg.

Was Former Resident Here.

Mrs. Mary L. Wolf, who died las Monday, November 18th, in Altoona, was the wife of George H. Wolf, who is a cousin of William Wolf, of Bellefonte. She was born in Duncansville on July 15, 1853, and was married in Milroy on July 5, 1872. She was a member of the First Methodist Episcopal church of Altoona and was a devout, Christian woman. By all who knew her intimately her death is deeply mourned. She at one time resided in Bellefonte, removing to Altoona in 1889, where she continued to make her home until the time of her death. Surviving are her husband and the following children: W. H., J. Benner, George W. and J. Ross Wolf, all of Altoona. These brothers and sisters also survive: Harry C. and J. D. Ross, of Harrisburg, and Mrs. R. A. Dellitt and Mrs. John V. Contner, of Washington, D. C. Two grand-daughters also survive. Funeral services were held on Thursday, November 21, at the Simpson Methodist Episcopal church, in Altoona.

Mrs. Etta Carner Dead.

Mrs. Etta Carner, wife of John C. Carner, died on Friday morning, last, at her late home at Hublersburg after an illness of about one year. Her death was caused by dropsy. Funeral services were held on Monday morning, at 10 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Mr. Hoover, pastor of the Reformed church. Interment was made at Hublersburg. Mrs. Carner was born in Penns valley and at the time of her death was aged 69 years and 6 months. She was a life-long member of the Reformed church and was a woman who was greatly admired by her many friends. Surviving to mourn her passing away are her husband and one brother and one sister: Cook Hubler, of Centre Hall, and Mrs. Rebecca Charles, of Hublersburg.

Read "The Republican." $1 a year in advance.

Pennsylvania's Vote.

Theodore Roosevelt's plurality in Pennsylvania over Woodrow Wilson in the recent election was 48,807, according to official figures, as follows:

Roosevelt, Washington party, 347,949; bull moose, 60,964; Roosevelt progressive 35,513. Total 444,426. Wilson, 395,619; Taft, 273,305; Debs, 80,915; Chafin, 19,533; Reimer, 706.

Under a state law and according to these figures, the democratic party will take first place on the ballot until it is displaced by a party that shall cast a higher vote than it at a presidential election.

The socialist vote cast this year, compared with the vote cast by that party in 1908, shows a gain of 47,001, the vote in 1908 being 33,914. The prohibition vote shows a falling off from four years ago of 17,161, the vote in 1908 being 36,694.

The total vote of all candidates for president was 1,214,504. This is a falling off of 52,946 compared with the vote in 1908 when the total vote was 21,67,450.

Thos. F. Kelley Weds.

Rev. E. J. Fisher, of Morrisdale, officiated on Tuesday of last week at a pretty wedding in St. Severn's Catholic church at Drifting, the contracting parties being Thomas F. Kelley a prominent young Snow Shoe merchant, and Miss Catherine Sheehe, the accomplished and highly esteemed daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Sheehe, of Peale. The bride was attired in a pretty traveling suit of navy blue, and was attended by Miss Nellie Ryan, of Clearfield. Patrick Kelley, cousin of the groom, was best man. A sumptuous breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents, after which the happy couple started on an extended wedding trip. On their return they will occupy the handsome new home just built by the groom is Snow Shoe.

For Sale.

For sale at my Eagleville farm, Chester White brood sows, boars, shoats and pigs. Inqure of Samuel Kline on the farm.

F. W. CRIDER.
Bellefonte, Pa

Penny-A-Word Column.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

FOR SALE—1912 Indian motor cycle; 7-h. p. twin; good condition; price reasonable. Inquire Henry T. Noll, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

FOR SALE—Three fine Broncho colts; good size; driven both single and double. Inquire Adam Smith, Humes farm, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Good rubber-tire top buggy; in first class condition; is almost new. Inquire of Dr. E. S. Dorworth, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—At my Eagleville farm, Chester White brood sows, boars, shoats and pigs. Inquire of Samuel Kline on the farm. F. W. CRIDER, Bellefonte, Pa.

Tener to Help State College.

Governor Tener, in his speech las Friday at The Pennsylvania State College, put himself on record as favoring the Legislature making State College the preferred institution of the commonwealth in the matter of appropriations. The declaration elicited loud and long applause from the crowd that packed the Schwab auditorium. The governor believes that the college is doing a great work and is convinced that it is time for the state to give it adequate support. This policy found a ready indorsement from the many legislators present.

The observance of Pennsylvania Day and the dedication of the handsome new engineering building attracted an unusual crowd. The governor was the central figure in the day's program. Members of the Legislature from all sections of the state were present to inspect the institution and to become familiar with the work it is doing. With them were many graduates of the college, and these with the almost 2,000 students made a throng in the town.

Many members of the next Legislature were present, including George E. Alter, of Allegheny County, who seems to be leading among the aspirants for Speaker. A number of State Senators were also present. Among them the belief prevailed that the next president pro tem. of the Senate will be Senator D. P. Gerberich, of Lebanon.

Included among those who were present to take part in the exercises were Gov. Tener, Attorney General John C. Bell, Adjt. Gen. Thomas J. Stewart, Senator Penrose, N. C. Shaeffer, state superintendent of public instruction; Congressman M. E. Olmsted of Harrisburg, Representative Alter, Senator A. W. Powell of Allegheny county, auditor general-elect, H. Walton Mitchell of Pittsburgh, vice president of the board of trustees, and Trustees J. Dawson Callery, E. S. Bayard and J. E. Quigley of Pittsburgh. Some of the legislators present were Senators Powell, Allegheny county; Walter McNichols, Scranton; Franklin Martin, Cumberland county, Representatives Alter and H. P. Kuhn, Allegheny county; D. Lloyd Claycomb, George C. Irwin, Plymouth W. Snyder, Blair; Cephas L. Gramley, Rebersburg; Jonathan Curtier, Alonzo S. Moulthrop, Peter McDermott, Clearfield; Allen R. Mechling, Forest; Horace B. Dunn, Huntingdun; S. Taylor North, Jefferson; Ralph Gibson, Lycoming, and a number of Central and Eastern Pennsylvania members.

A parade containing 35 floats was given by the students in honor of Gov. Tener and the other visitors. As the procession passed the reviewing stand, where the governor and other notables stood with President Edwin Erle Sparks, the wonderful work being done by the institution was shown. It demonstrated just what the college is doing in every department.

After the parade the new engineering building was dedicated. It is planned to be a unit of the additions to the Mechanic-Arts-Enginering Building. The construction is of steel, brick and brown sandstone, and is a handsome addition to the collection of 40 buildings already in use. Trustee Callery was to have delivered an address on "Industrial Education," but as his train was late he did not arrive in time. Gov. Tener presented the keys of the building to G. W. Barger of the class of '12.

The Pennsylvania day exercises were held in the Schwab auditorium and were opened by President Sparks, who presented Gov. Tener as the chairman. It was in assuming this duty that the governor declared that State College is to be made the preferred institution. He said it was time to begin providing adequate appropriations and promised that he would do everything in his power as executive to see that the necessary money is given the college.

Attorney General Bell was the orator of the day. Among other things he said:

"We have heard a great deal of late about social betterment and the moral uplift of the people. Some there are who may think that the cause of social justice was recently defeated and dethroned. To these I would say, not so. The cause of social justice is not, never has been and never will be, dependent upon the success of any political party.

"No political party, thank God, has, or can have, a monopoly of the cause of social justice. It is the cry of humanity, of humankind. It is the cry that was voiced by the Almighty upon Mt. Sinai, and that was poured into apostolic ears in the Sermon on the Mount, and that has been reverberating down the corridors of time ever since.

"And the purer laws we need are laws that make for the health, the morals, the safety and general welfare of the people; laws for which all political parties should stand, such as public utilities laws, workman's compensation laws, laws to limit the hours of labor of men, women and children in our mines, mills and industrial establishments. Pennsylvania has many such laws on her statute books and more in contemplation. All of her people and representatives in the Legislature, regardless of party, should unite in the support and enactment or enlargement of such measures which make for the social betterment and uplift of all the people. The national legislature, under the present administration, notwithstanding the House was Democratic and the Senate Republican, and the President was sometimes misnamed as a reactionary, enlarge the scope of the eight-hour law and the government's employe accident compensation measures, and within its jurisdiction enacted legislation in the interest of labor and for the protection of public health.

"The truth is we are all progressives at heart, whatever may be our several political faiths. The world is constantly growing better. It was foreordained that it should be so, from the dawn of creation.

"You can no more stop the forward movement of the world in this regard than you can stop its revolution upon its axis. And the most potent force in this forward movement is that great body of our citizenship engaged in agricultural and mechanical arts. Experience has demonstrated that the character and well being of a nation in its last analysis must depend upon the character and well-being of the industrial classes."

Senator Penrose made a short speech in which he told of the many visits he has made to the institution since he entered the State Legislature in 1885. "Then," said he, "I was sent to the Legislature. I intended to serve one term in the House and return to the City of Brotherly Love and grow up as a quiet and respectable citizen. I have been in office ever since, and have made many trips here. I am proud of the college and its wonderful growth. Under the leadership of Dr. Sparks and your football team your institution ranks with the great colleges of the land, and I think that it is but a question of time until your football team makes my old college of Harvard feel its power."

Representative Alter closed the speaking with a short speech.

In the afternoon the 900 cadets of the school were drilled on the parade ground. They are instructed by a United States army officer, and Gen. Stewart says that the military organization is making wonderful strides. Following the drill there was a football game between the sophomores and freshmen, resulting in a score of 6 to 6. Gov. Tener was rooting for the "freshies."

On Saturday there was a luncheon at the Theodore Davis Boal home, at Boalsburg, for the visitors. During the afternoon the new penitentiary site was inspected.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS

Bellefonte People Have Absolute Proof of Deeds at Home.

It's not words but deeds that prove true merit.

The deeds of Doan's Kidney Pills,

For Bellefonte kidney sufferers.

Have made their local reputation.

Proof lies in the testimony of Bellefonte people.

Hiram Fetterhoff, 202 W. Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I was annoyed by irregular passages of the kidney secretions and reading that Doan's Kidney Pills were good for kidney complaint, I procured a supply at Green's Pharmacy Co. They relieved me and I am now in much better health. Doan's Kidney Pills are certainly a fine kidney medicine. I willingly confirm my former endorsement of Doan's Kidney Pills. The relief they brought me has been permanent.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.—Advt.

Dyspepsia is America's curse. Burdock Blood Bitters conquers dyspepsia every time. It drives out impurities, tones the stomach, restores perfect digestion, normal weight, and good thheal.—Advt.

Schrank Declared Insane.

John Schrank, who shot Colonel Theodore Roosevelt on the night of October 14 in Milwaukee, is insane, and was last Friday committed by Municipal Judge A. C. Backus to the northern hospital for the insane near Oshkosh until cured.

Before being led back to jail to await preparations for the trip to the asylum, Schrank said:

"I had expected they would find me insane, because it was in the papers two days ago. I want to say now that I am sane all the time, I am not a lunatic and never was one. I was called upon to do a duty and have done it. The commission has sworn away my life. Each member went upon the stand and said I was incurably insane. They can bury me alive if they see fit. I don't care what happens now."

Commitment was pronounced following the presentation of an exhaustive report by a commission of five alienists in which the defendant was unanimously adjudged insane and following the introduction of prima facie evidence of several witnesses.

Itching, bleeding, protruding or blind piles yield to Doan's Ointment. Chroni. ycases soon relieved, finally cured rDuggists all sell it. –Advt.

Read "The Republican," $1 a year advance.

THE FOX WOMAN

Story of a Japanese Superstition

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The tragic death of General Nogi and his wife in Japan by suicide recalls to me what I experienced during my long residence in that country—that is, the peculiar superstitions of the Japanese. But while there are a marvelous stoicism, heroism, belief in the connection of this life and "that bourn from which no traveler returns"—call it what you will in the case of General and Mme. Nogi—the superstition among the lower classes is as absurd as any other bigotry the world has ever seen.

It may be a misuse of the word to call General Nogi's suicide a superstition. It was rather obedience to a tradition, though perhaps it was both. I was in Japan during the Russo-Japanese war and saw a good deal of that stoic superstition that made the little men the victors over their ponderous enemy. That, too, was far removed from the following absurd case, which happened in my own family during my residence in Japan.

It happened in Tokyo, and I would never have believed it if I had not witnessed it myself.

O-Honu, my Japanese servant, came scudding into my room just at twilight one day. The shoji, or sliding panels, were pushed aside, and I had been sitting there watching the glory of the moon rising above my miniature garden.

"Oh, master!" cried the man, falling on his face before me.

"What is the matter, O-Honu?" I demanded quickly, for this servant was ordinarily a quiet, self contained fellow, not given to excitement of any sort.

"What is the matter?" I repeated.

"I have seen her, master!" he wailed.

"Seen whom?"

"The fox woman'" he cried, shuddering.

"The fox woman? Who is she, pray? Does she deal in foxes?" I was clearly puzzled, for at that time I had not studied Japanese superstitions.

"Aye, I have seen her. Woe is upon me and my house!" mourned the thoroughly affrighted man.

"Tell me about it, O-Honu; then perhaps I can help you," I insisted.

"There is no help for one who has gazed upon the face of the fox woman," he groaned. "Woe is upon me and my house!"

I took him by the shoulder and administered a good American shake.

"Now, O-Honu, stop this bawling and tell me what is the matter with you!" I shouted.

The gentle mannered O-Honu flew to his feet and stared at me in the twilight.

"Honorable master," he said brokenly, "I have said the truth to you. I have gazed upon the face of the fox woman, and disaster is upon me."

"If you mean that you've gone crazy I think you're right," I said sternly. "Now tell me who is this fox woman."

"She is an evil spirit, master," murmured O-Honu, with a frightened glance toward the open window and the moonlit garden beyond.

I said nothing for a moment. I knew that belief in spirit life was too deeply ingrained in the nation for me to scoff at his fear or endeavor to allay his fears.

"Tell me all about it, O-Honu," I said, and for the moment he ceased his trembling and obeyed.

"I was passing through the cedar grove beyond the temple, master, and I was hastening, for it has been said that the fox woman has been seen thereabouts, when I was conscious that I was not alone in the grove.

"Something ran beside me and breathed as it ran. I thought it was a dog or a fox, and I looked down, but I saw nothing.

"I looked to either side of me, in front and behind me, but there was nothing to be seen save the cedar trees but all the time I heard the quick, hurried breathing and knew that something was near me.

"As I came into the moonlight I turned once more and looked, and, master, it was she!" Again my servant fell to trembling like a leaf.

"The fox woman?" I asked.

"Yes, master."

"What is she like?"

He shuddered and placed his hands before his eyes. "She has the form of a woman, but her face—ah!"

"You are sure that you haven't made some mistake? Perhaps it was some woman servant who thought to frighten you."

He shook his head. "I would that it were so," he said sadly. "But it was he fox woman—none other."

"You have seen her before?" I asked.

"No, master."

"What can be done—anything to ward off the evil of her presence?" I asked, more to soothe him into quietude than of any belief I had in the apparition.

He shook his head hopelessly.

"There is nothing to do except to wait the doing of her evil," he said moodily.

"And that is?" I questioned.

"Death to me because I looked upon her face and evil to my family."

"What can I do to help you, O-Honu? Would you like to go to your family?"

"It would be best to go and set my affairs in order," he said in a melancholy tone. "I will start in the morning if I may be spared."

"Certainly, O-Honu," I said cordially. "Remember if nothing happens I shall want you back again."

"Yes, master, if nothing happens."

He made obeisance and left the room.

I went out into the peaceful quiet of the moonlit garden and pondered what O-Honu had said to me. I knew that for these Asiatics the earth, air and water are people with good and evil spirits. Demons haunt the groves and springs, and the night brings forth a thousand terrors to the timid mind.

So there was the fox woman who had frightened my servant so badly. If I walked in the cedar grove would I meet her or must I be an oriental to see with his eyes and to be affected by his evil spirits?

So I walked through the tiny garden of the house I had leased. I threaded the maze of miniature flower beds, stepped over baby streams, brushed past dwarfed trees, until I came to the bamboo fence that had a gate in it.

Through the gate I passed into a back lane much used by tradespeople and bordered on either side by straight young pear trees.

The moon shone down through the trees, and the leaves flickered on the path under my feet. A fresh sweet breeze brushed my cheek. It was all very beautiful and peaceful. One did not want to think of fox women or other evil demons on a night like this.

The pear bordered lane ended in the grove of dark cedars, and I entered the grove with an involuntary thrill, for the moon only threaded the thick foliage here and there and made a delicate tracery of light on the slippery needles underfoot.

When the trees had closed quite around me I was prepared for almost anything to happen except what really did happen.

All at once I was conscious that I was not alone. Some living thing was near me, something that moved and breathed and had life.

I looked down and saw nothing.

I looked up and saw the moonlight filtering through the boughs. I looked to the right of me—nothing. I whirled around to the left—nothing! And yet I could have sworn something disappeared beyond my reach with every movement I made.

I spread out my arms and whirled like a dervish and some sound came out of the dim grove of cedars. It sounded like a soft chuckle.

I paused then and argued with myself against the cold terror that was creeping up my spine in spite of the strong common sense I thought I possessed.

Something was in the grove with me. What it was I would discover even if I had to gaze upon the face of the fox woman herself. If the fox woman was a spirit, she would be cold and dead and lifeless. She would not be warm and breathing and vital as was the person or thing that was near me.

I would find out.

Whistling carelessly I walked slowly on and almost instantly I felt the presence close beside me again. Now I was sure that it walked behind and as we were coming to an open moonlit space I waited until we reached it. Then I turned suddenly and looked.

And I saw the fox woman. She had the form of a graceful woman and her gown was rich with gold embroidery. She wore a queer sort of silk hood and from the hood there peered her face. It was dreadful. I cannot describe it, but when I looked upon it I knew she was the fox woman, the evil spirit who had inspired such terror in the heart of my simple servant. I did not blame him.

I was scared myself.

Then with a sudden impulse I grasped her arm—and it was warm flesh beneath the silken sleeve. She struggled to free herself, but I held on and drew her into the moonlight. I tore off the silken hood, and with it came her awful face.

Then there shrank before me the form of a frightened Japanese woman—not a spirit—but a woman in the flesh. I made her turn her face to the moonlight and then I smiled.

For it was O-Honu's pretty wife who had so frightened us in the horrid disguise.

She wept stormily when I reproached her. Her pride was injured that I should have unmasked her. At last she swore me to secrecy and told me the story.

It seems that O-Honu had smiled upon a pretty servant maid in my house, and his wife was intensely jealous. She had masqueraded as the fox woman, hoping that he would be frightened and take it as a warning not to flirt with the pretty servant. She had frightened him and was still lingering in the grove watching to see if he would hasten to his home when I had come forth and surprised her.

She had taken me for her husband, for I was wearing a Japanese cloak.

I was glad that there was something tangible for me to work upon. This was something I could handle. With a real fox woman to deal with I could have accomplished nothing. I promised O-Honu's wife that all would be well with them hereafter and that I would keep her secret.

She hurried home to meet her husband, while I made haste to return and discharge the pretty servant maid who was causing trouble in the sober routine of O-Honu's daily life.

After awhile O-Honu came back to me a sobered man. Occasionally he looks over his shoulder in the twilight, and I know he is watching for the fox woman.

But so long as he behaves himself as circumspectly as he is now doing I am sure he will never see her again.

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"More Bacon."

Many years ago Congdon's tavern in Wickford, Rhode Island, was famous for its good cheer, and in "Early Rhode Island" W. B. Weeden has an entertaining tale of John Randolph of Roanoke, who was once a visitor at the inn.

Mr Randolph was on his way to Newport and made his journey on horseback with his cousin Edmund secretary of state under Washington. All the way from New York "ham and eggs" had been the universal fare. At Wickford Congdon said he would give them clams for supper. The eccentric John of Roanoke rubbed his hands in pleased expectation. Then appeared the host again saying the tide was too high for clams, but they should have some quahaugs.

"Good heavens," exclaimed Randolph who did not know that the quahaug is a hard shelled variety of clam, "more bacon!"

The Academy Shine.

The man who has the most highly polished shoes in Paris today is Paul Bourget. To one of his friends who was marveling not long ago at their incomparable brilliancy he communicated, under an oath of secrecy, this recipe:

"First you wash the shoe so-so with some water. Then you dry it and rub blacking cloth over it. Next you take a second cloth, softer than the first, and rub until the shine is perfection itself. Then with a sheep bone you rub for five minutes to fix the blacking, and that operation puts it in the proper condition to receive the polish, which you spread on with your thumb. All you have to do after that is to let it dry."

For your shoes to acquire the academy brilliancy you polish unceasingly and then polish them some more.—Paris Pele Mele.

Sugar as a Disinfectant.

A custom has grown up in parts of Europe of burning sugar in sickrooms and has been looked upon as an innocent superstition. Investigations, however, have proved the practice a beneficial and scientific one. Professor Trilbert of the Pasteur institute at Paris demonstrated that burning sugar develops formic acetylene hydrogen, one of the most powerful antiseptic gases known. Five grains of sugar in several tests were burned under a glass bell with a capacity of ten quarts. After the vapor had cooled bacilli of typhus, tuberculosis, cholera, smallpox, etc., were placed in the bell in open glass tubes, and within half an hour all the microbes were dead.—Stoves and Hardware Reporter.

An Inspiring Experience.

A lady who must certainly have been related to the late Mrs. Partington recently returned from a seventy day tour of Europe.

To her friends she said with enthusiasm that of all the wonderful things that she had seen and heard she believed the thing she enjoyed most of all was hearing the French pheasants sing the mayonnaise.—Youth's Companion.

Consolation.

Motorist (to victim)—What is your name and address? Victim—John Smith, 14 Bean street. Motorist—All right, Smith. Can't stop now, but tomorrow I will call at your house and try and convince you that you should carry an accident policy in the company I represent.—Puck.

A Hard Job.

"I see from your letterheads, Bilkins, that you are the assistant treasurer of that company of yours," said Witherbee. "Have you got so much money it takes two of you to look after it?"

"No," said Bilkins. "We have so little it takes two of us to find it."—Harper's

Truth Eternal.

All errors have only a time. After a hundred million of objections, subtleties, sophisms, the smallest truth remains precisely what it was before.—Ancient Maxim.

Traitors are hated even by those they favor.—Tacitus.

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What Became of Alvaretta

A Case of Too Many Lovers

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Alvaretty!" shrieked Mrs. Winton down the cellar stairs.

Silence.

"Alvaretty!" she shrieked more shrilly up the attic stairway.

Silence here too.

"Where is that girl?" fumed Alvaretta Winton's mother as she looked into the bedrooms and then made another search of the lower floor.

The Wintons were still asking that question at 6 o'clock that evening, for Alvaretta, the pretty daughter of the house had disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as though the earth had opened and swallowed her up.

Neighbors had joined the anxious family and perhaps a dozen were sitting and standing around the untasted supper which Mrs. Winton had somehow managed to place upon the table. Alva Winton, the widow's only son, was nervously excited over his sister's disappearance.

"Can't you remember where you saw her last, ma?" he asked for the hundredth time since 3 o'clock that afternoon.

Mrs. Winton sank into a chair and turned her reddened eyes upon her son. "It's the queerest thing, now that I think of it," she answered him for the hundredth time. "She made some remark to me while I was frying those doughnuts, and what with the blue smoke in the kitchen and the sputtering of the hot lard, I didn't sense half of what she said." She smiled deprecatingly at the faces turned toward her.

"Well, ma, what was the half of what you did hear?" patiently insisted Alva.

"She jest ran in through the smoke and asked me if she could go somewhere or do something, and I says, as I often do to Alvaretty, 'Oh, yes, run along, do child; only don't be too late!' She kissed me and went off, and that's the last I've seen of my daughter." Then Mrs. Winton broke down and cried for the first time that trying afternoon.

"That's all the clew we got to go on. Now, suppose each one of you take a street and go to every house and ask if my sister has been there or if anybody has seen her since noon. We'll all meet here at 8 o'clock." Young Alva's voice quivered.

"Where you going, Alva?" asked Cyrus Jenkins.

"Down among the stores and along the river," said Alva, dropping his voice at the last word so that his mother should not hear.

"If I could only meet Irving Denby—he might have seen her," mused the troubled youth as he made his way toward the stores which were grouped around the postoffice.

Irving Denby was the youth in the drug store who was deeply in love with pretty Alvaretta Winton. He bored her to death with his attentions, for Alvaretta had already made her choice and was engaged to Dave Bemis, who worked in the railroad office in the city.

So Alva's first inquiry was made at the drug store, where Irving's pale, freckled face became elongated with surprise at the question.

"Alvaretta lost? Pshaw, you're joshing me!" he laughed incredulously.

"It's the solemn truth, Irving. I thought maybe you'd seen her go past or something. I thought you might like to help find her," ended Alva, disappointed.

"Of course I would! Let me see—I did see Alvaretta about—why, it was on my way back from dinner. It must have been 1 o'clock. She had on that blue dress she wears and a white hat. I remember because she looked great and I wondered where she was going," confessed Irving, reddening to his homely ears.

"Which way did she go?"

"Straight up the hill."

"That's something I've learned," said Alva, drawing a breath of relief. "You're the first one who's seen her since before dinner."

At 8 o'clock Alva was hurrying toward his home anxiously hoping that some of the other searchers had been more successful than himself in finding news of his missing sister. Beyond the statement of Irving Denby that he had seen Alvaretta going up the hill that led to the railroad station there had not been a single clew. Perhaps it was because the hour between 12 and 1 is sacred to dinner in Little River, and thus no one had observed Alvaretta. Inquiry at the station was useless, for when Irving reached there he found it closed.

Perhaps Alvaretta would have returned home when he reached there. This thought hurried his steps homeward.

Eyes as anxious as his own questioned him when he entered the dining room once more. He shook his head slowly and then told them what little information he had gained.

As he finished speaking the door opened quickly and admitted Dave Bemis, Alvaretta's sweetheart. His handsome face was quite pale, and he was breathless with haste, and he spoke without ceremony.

"Where's Alvaretta?" he asked sharply.

"We haven't found out yet," explained Alva. "Who told you about it, anyway?"

"Why, of course I knew!" Dave laughed mirthlessly.

"Knew what?"

"That she was lost. I've been trying to find her all the afternoon."

Alva reddened angrily. "See here, Dave Bemis, you're crazy," he declared.

"So are you," retorted Dave promptly, when Mrs. Winton interposed a slender form between them.

"Stop your quarreling this very instant, boys," she commanded. "Now, Dave, you tell what you mean about your looking for Alvaretty. After you've told, why, we'll tell our story."

Dave Bemis hesitated, looked around at the interested faces, flushed redly and then plunged into his story.

"Alvaretta was to meet me in Millton at 1:45. We were going to get married"—

"Married?" shrieked Mrs. Winton aghast.

"Married?" growled young Alva, doubling a fist. "You mean you was running away with my sister?"

"She said her mother gave her permission to marry me this afternoon. My uncle in England is very sick, and I've been sent for. I've got to sail tomorrow morning, and I may be gone a year, for I promised to take care of his business and wind it up if anything happens to him. I telephoned all this to Alvaretta this morning as soon as I heard of it, and I asked her if she wouldn't marry me before I went. I told her she could take the 1:15 train from here, and I would meet her in Millton, and we could get married in time for her to take the 3:30 back here again. I was at the station and waited three trains, but I haven't seen her, and that's why I'm here now."

"For the land sake, I never heard of such a thing!" shrieked Mrs. Winton when Dave had concluded his recital. "Why, that child must have been asking me if she could marry Dave when I wasn't placing any account on what she was asking I was that interested in my doughnuts! I says to her, 'Yes, yes; run along, do!' and she took me at my word!"

"But where is she now?" demanded Alva impatiently.

"Yes; where is she now?" repeated Dave.

"Nobody knows. Listen while I tell you what we know about it."

So Dave listened while they told him about the mysterious disappearance of Alvaretta and how Irving Denby's statement that he had seen her on the way to the station was the only proof they had that Alvaretta had really started to meet her lover and be married.

"What shall we do now?" Dave was asking when the door was pushed slowly open and a girl's slender form stepped within the room. She wore a pretty blue dress showing traces of dust around the bottom and a white hat very much askew atop of her golden hair.

It was Alvaretta Winton.

"Alvaretta!" they all screamed at once.

"Has any one seen Irving Denby?" she asked, slowly looking from one to another. "Is he here now?"

"No—why?" Alva was holding one hand and Dave Bemis the other hand, and her mother had both arms around her neck. It was difficult for Alvaretta to answer until they freed her.

"I was going to say if he is here one of you must take him out and thrash him," said Alvaretta calmly, and thereupon she proceeded to give most excellent reasons why young Denby should be chastised.

"He sent word up to the house that I was wanted at the long distance telephone," said Alvaretta calmly, "and as mother was busy I just ran down the street and took the message, not knowing that Irving was in the back of the store listening at Mr Peters' private phone. Dave wanted me to come down to Millton and marry him at once, so I told him I'd go home and ask mother and if she consented I'd meet him there on the arrival of the 4:45.

"Mother was frying doughnuts, and I could scarcely see her through the blue smoke, and the hissing of the hot fat was noisy too. I went up to her and spoke into her good ear. I said, 'Ma, Dave has telephoned that he's got to go to England and may be gone a year and I can go to Millton and marry him now. I'll come right home again.'

"I didn't believe she'd consent, and so I was never more surprised in my life than when she said, 'Yes, yes; run along, do!' So I hurried and got ready, and as I passed the drug store I happened to notice that the door of our church was wide open. I was going to be married, and I felt kind of solemn and as if I wanted to be alone for a few minutes, so I just slipped inside there where it was dark and cool, and when I tried to get out I declare if the door wasn't locked. I cried and screamed, and nobody heard me until a half hour ago somebody crept up the steps and unlocked the door. I was right there and pulled the door open before he could get very far away. It was Irving Denby. Wasn't he the mean, jealous thing?"

Alvaretta glanced indignantly around.

Before any one could answer there came a knock at the door. When it was opened it revealed the mild countenance of the minister.

"They tell me Alvaretta is lost," he was beginning when he saw the girl's blooming face.

Dave Bemis pressed forward, Alvaretta's hand in his.

"You're just in time, Mr. Evans," he said suggestively.

And that was how Alvaretta's elopement ended up in a wedding at home.

NEW COMPENSATION LAW

Draft of Measure Which Will be Submitted to Next Legislature.

The Workmen Compensation Law, which will be submitted to the Legislature at its forthcoming session, was explained to the members of the Law Association, in an address in Philadelphia by Professor Francis H. Bohlen, one of the members of the Industrial Accident Commission which framed the measure.

He said he believed it will be sufficiently attractive to both employers and employes to induce them generally to agree to abandon the common law system and accept the new.

The new legislation, Mr. Bohlen said, would follow closely the lines of the New Jersey legislation, but with some improvements upon it, as he believed. In fixing a scale of compensation for injuries, he said, the commission had the benefit of a comparison with the experiences of England, France, Germany, New Jersey, Wisconsin, California and others. In New Jersey, the employers generally accepted the new legislation, but, he stated, the California and Wisconsin laws had not succeeded so well, because too high a scale of compensation had been attempted.

In the proposed Pennsylvania law, Professor Bohlen declared that the commission had aimed, and, he believed, had succeeded in the elimination of theory of negligence with all its entanglements, contributory negligence, assumption of risk, fellow servant doctrine and so forth.

That the commission had endeavored, he stated, to avoid any possibility of dispute about definitions of "an accident" by making the law so that any injury happening to an employe in the course and scope of his employment will entitle the employe, or in case of death, his family, the benefit of the system.

Dozens of cases that might occur were examined by Professor Bohlem and the positions of the employer and employe under the new act explained. The willful and deliberate intention of the employe to bring an injury upon himself or herself would prevent recovery, he said, and the injury of an employe by a fellow-employe on account of some private quarrel, having nothing to do with the employer's business, would not entitle the employe to any compensation.

Frozen Corn Kills Cattle.

A Lock Haven despatch to the Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin says that two valuable cows owned by K. D. Packer, a farmer residing several miles west of that place on the public road to Queens Run, died on Wednesday of last week from the effects of eating corn stalks that were frozen. On Monday of that week four of the cows were let out of the barn and they devoured some of the green corn stalks, which were frozen during the previous few nights, after which they showed signs of being sick. The next morning before 10 o'clock one of them died in great agony and another soon followed.

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Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1904 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Colcville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.12
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.28
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.32
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily, ‡ Daily except Sunday, "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	f 3.30
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.49	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	11.50	f 5.03
	Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.06
	Waddles	8.0	1 .10	f 5.25
	Briarly	f 8.4	.....	5.37
	Fillmore	f 8.8	1 .18	f 5.38
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Colevillle	8.40	1.30	f 5.50
A.	Bellefonte	8.50	1.50	f 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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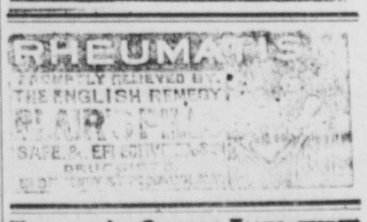

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Here and There.

Mrs. T. A. Shoemaker departed on Tuesday for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Thompson, of Alto, were arrivals in town on Tuesday.

Lawyer M. Ward Fleming, of Philipsburg, transacted business in town on Monday.

Fred Chambers, of Philadelphia, was a business visitor in town several days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Meek, of State College, were visitors in town for a few hours on Saturday.

Robert Laurie, son of John T. Laurie, of Tyrone, visited several days last week with Bellefonte friends.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Thomas, of near Stormstown, were shopping visitors in town between trains last Saturday.

Miss Daisy Keichline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Keichline, is visiting with friends in Pittsburgh.

Mrs. John P. Harris and daughter, Mrs. Frank Warfield, visited several days last week with Mrs. L. B. Harris, in Mill Hall.

Mrs. James K. Barnhart departed on Tuesday for her parental home in Punxsutawney, where she is spending Thanksgiving Day.

Mrs. Frank McCoy and daughter, Miss Anna McCoy, are shopping visitors in Philadelphia, having gone to the city on Tuesday, last.

The John McNichols family this week moved from one of the Schad houses in Lamb Street into the new Haupt property on Thomas Street.

Miss Jean Wallace, who was the house guest of Miss Nellie Conley for several days, departed on Monday afternoon for her home in Pittsburgh.

Col. W. Fred Reynolds departed on Tuesday for Newport, planning spending Thanksgiving Day with his sons who are attending boarding school.

D. T. Frum, of Altoona, accompanied by his family, is visiting over Thanksgiving Day with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. D. J. Frum, at Pleasant Gap.

H. F. Burkholder, of Carnegie, a brother of Wilbur Burkholder, of this place, was a visitor to State College for Pennsylvania Day. He is a Penn State graduate.

Mrs. Paul D. Sheffer and Mrs. Donald S. Potter, with the latter's young sons, Billy and James H. 2nd., are enjoying Thanksgiving Day at Crafton, nearby Pittsburg.

W. S. Scholl will go to Scranton on Saturday, accompanying his daughter-in-law, Mrs. W. H. Scholl, who has been in poor health for the last four or five weeks.

Dr. J. J. Kilpatrick was among the Bellefonte contingent to go to Pittsburgh yesterday to see today's football game between Penn State and the University of Pittsburgh.

Dr. Samuel H. Gilliland, a former Centre County boy and at one time State Veterinarian, now residing at Marietta, visited in town on Tuesday. He was accompanied by LeRoy E. Brandt, also of Marietta.

Mrs. Mary Reesner, of Thomas Street, suffered a stroke of apoplexy on Friday evening of last week. A short time before that she suffered a very mild stroke, but quickly recovered. She is now confined to her home.

Mrs. Daniel Eberhart on Sunday, received a telephone message stating that her sister, Mrs. Zimmerman, at Milesburg, had suffered a stroke of apoplexy and that her condition was such as to greatly alarm her many friends.

Miss Adeline Robb departed this week for Wilmerding, where she will make her home in the future with her sister, Mrs. Carrie Graham. Mrs. Elizabeth Robb and son, Joseph, have gone to Pitcairn, where they will reside with another son, Harry.

Philip Garbrick, who has been working on R. B. Taylor's State road contract in Washington County, arrived home last week. While he has not definitely decided, he may go to Kane for employment in the glass works during the winter.

James Noonan and children, Margaret and Geraldine, returned home on Monday from New York. Mrs. Noonan, who accompanied them to New York, will remain there for a week or so longer. Margaret and Geraldine will enjoy their Thanksgiving Day with friends in Williamsport.

During the month of December persons worshipping at the Presbyterian church will have the pleasure of following a series of sermons grouped around the great truth of the Birth of Christ. Dec. 1. the subject will be "The Holy Family." Dec. 8th. will offer "The Sinless Babe." Dec. 15th. the thought will be, "The Advent as Heaven Purposed." and Dec. 22nd. the theme will be "A Sign in the Air, a Star in the Sky." These sermons will be preached by Dr. Hawes at the evening services. A cordial invitation is extended the public to hear them.

A large crowd of students departed yesterday for Pittsburgg to witness today's football game between Penn State and the University of Pittsburgg. The Thanksgiving Day scrap between the teams representing these two institutions always draws a tremendous crowd. Penn State sent a big train load of rooters to help boost along a victory. State's admirers look for a decisive score. In order to have the team on edge for today's contest no game was played by Penn State last Saturday. Reese and Dillon, former Bellefonte Academy players, will be in the line-up for the University of Pittsburgh.

Two fine, big deer hanging up at Lew Gettig's butcher shop attracted no end of attention this week. They were shot by the Gettig-Gentzel party, camping beyond Karthaus. One was brought down by a rifle in the hands of Charley Stover. The other was killed by Lew Gettig. Charley Stover landed his on the morning of the first day in camp. He sighted the deer as it was trotting through the brush. The first ball brought down the deer, but it was up in an instant. A second shot again brought the deer to the ground. Charley then ventured near, whereupon the deer was up for the decond time. A rifle ball placed in the eer's head ended the battle.

Deputy Sheriff William Rowe transacted business at Hayes Run yesterday.

Dr. J. M. Brockerhoff spent several days this week transacting business in Harrisburg.

Harry Green went out to Pittsburgh yesterday to take in today's football game between State and Pitt.

The Index has a choice line of Christmas gifts on sale for early shoppers. See the ad. in another column.

There will be a meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A., at the Y. M. C. A. building at 8 o'clock on Monday night, next.

Go hear Gretchen von Bergen in her original creation of the "College Widow" in "The Girl from Broadway." Opera House, December 9th.

Mrs. Harry D. Otto and two children, Edith and Betty, of Johnstown, arrived in Bellefonte this week to spend Thanksgiving Day with her mother, Mrs. Henrietta Nolan.

E. W. Yeakley, of Scotia, several days ago contributed to the editor's reasons for giving thanks today. As a result it will be our pleasure to continue sending Mr. Yeakley "The Republican" during the coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Murtorff this week moved from the Dawson property on Spring Street to the property occupied until recently by Mrs. Murtorff's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Robb in East High Street.

At a luncheon given by the bride-to-be in Chicago yesterday, announcement was made of the engagement of Miss Christine Blanchard and Mr. J. Norman Sherer. The latter is visiting in Chicago over Thanksgiving.

Miss Claire Rhule, of Philipsburg, who has for several months been one of the fore ladies at the Bellefonte Shirt Factory, has resigned her position to accept a similar one in Bloomsburg. She will assume her duties next week.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will hold an Exchange on Saturday, Decembe 7th, in the S. & H. premium parlors, in High Street. Besides all the home-made delicacies, there will be on sale fancy articles and aprons, suitable for Christmas gifts. The Exchange will open at 2 o'clock, P. M.

General and Mrs. James A. Beaver are enjoying Thanksgiving Day with their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Beaver, at Yorktown Heights, N. Y. Ever since Gilbert has been married it has been their custom to spend Thanksgiving Day with him. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Beaver will be in Bellefonte for the Christmas holidays.

There were quite a few turkeys brought to town this week. The price ranged from 18 to 20c per pound, live weight, and 30c dressed. On Tuesday night several large crates of turkeys passed through town, shipped by express from Howard to Renovo. Local butchers did a thriving business in chickens and ducks during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Robb are in Williamsport for Thanksgiving Day. Mrs. Robb went to that place on Monday to spend the week with her sister, Miss Helen Grayce, who is a favorite on the stage and who is traveling with her own company and playing Williamsport this week.

Postmaster Harry C. Valentine is this week sending out letters to business men and others in an endeavor to learn about what will be the amount of new business to handle when the parcels post service is established on January 1. Packages of all kinds, weighing up to 11 pounds, may be sent by mail after that date. The parcels post postage rate will be 5 cents for one pound, increasing at the rate of one cent per each additional pound, and finally reaching 15 cants for eleven pounds. Such parcels may be registered or sent by special delivery. They may also be insured, the maximum value being fixed at $25, and the fee 5 cents. Separate parcels post stamps, which differ from the regular stamps, must be used.

The Bellefonte Academy last Saturday defeated the Wyoming Seminary football eleven, 14—9, at WilkesBarre. Today the Academy plays the final game of the season at Steelton. If the Academy manages to land a victory today the boys will have closed the schedule with but one defeat, that administered at Indiana. The Academy boys returned home justly elated over having won such an important game. It marked not only Wyoming's first defeat this year but also the first time their goal line had been crossed this season. A large crowd witnessed the game. A crowd of fully 800 rooted for the Academy, the delegation including quite a number from Scranton, the home of Decker, one of the Academy stars. The Academy won its first score four minutes after the game started, this being made possible by a beautiful forward pass. The second score was the result of a fumble by Wyoming. The latter made its first score by straight football, scoring a second time with a goal from the field. On Tuesday night the Academy team and other students celebrated the victory with a monster bonfire at Hughes field. The team departed yesterday for Steelton.

While in town on Monday evening our good friend, J. R. Pheasant, of Mt. Eagle, remarked that winter weather last year set in on November 18th, on which date a heavy fall of snow was recorded. Some weather prophets believe that the number of the day on which the first fall of snow comes indicates the number of snow falls that may be looked for that winter. Mr. Pheasant is a member of the "fighting 45th," and attended last Thursday's reunion at Williamsport. This accounts for the fact that he is wearing a good overcoat that is a few sizes too large for him. He was cronying about in Williamsport with Comrade Hartsock, of near Julian, and the two happened to check their overcoats at the United States Hotel at the same time. When the landlord handed them the checks he jokingly remarked that perhaps he had them mixed. It turned out that such a mix-up had occurred. When Mr. Pheasant called for his coat he got a good one but one built for a man on larger lines. He thought he could easily straighten out matters the next morning, but when he called for his coat Comrade Hartsock had departed for the train. Uncle Joshua frankly confesses that Comrade Hartsock may have got the worst of the bargain, at the same time he wants to see him and exchange coats.

Miss H. E. C. Overton has on sale Red Seals, the proceeds of which go for the benefit of the anti-tuberculosis movement.

Mr. and Mrs. C. U. Hoffer, of Philipsburg, arrived in town yesterday to spend Thanksgiving Day at the Gerberick home, on Thomas Street.

The Basket Shop will hold a special Christmas sale in Petriken Hall, Dec. 14th to Dec. 21st. Open all day and Wednesday and Saturday evenings. The Baskets range in prices from 25cts to $2.00.—Advt.

The ladies of the Methodist Church will hold a chicken and waffle supper, at the Y. M. C. A., on Thursday evening, Dec. 5. The public is cordially invited to come and partake of this feast, which they well know these Methodist ladies can prepare.

The Parent Teachers Association will hold a free social, after an interesting programme at the High School Building, on Tuesday evening, December 10th to which all parents and their friends are cordially invited.

MRS. GEORGE HAZEL, Sec'y.

Miss Cora E. Owens, of Axe Mann, and Edward J. Hull, of Bellefonte, were married yesterday afternoon at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage, at Pleasant Gap, Rev. D. J. Frum officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Hull departed on a honeymoon tour to western parts of the state. Mr. Hull is an employe of P. B. Crider & Son.

The annual memorial services under the auspices of the Bellefonte Lodge of Elks will this year be held on Sunday, December 1st, at 3 o'clock P. M., in Petriken Hall. Hon. L. S. Waters, of Mt. Carmel, formerly Judge of Northumberland County, widely known as a memorial orator, will deliver the principal address. Mr. Waters recently delivered the memorial address for the Brooklyn Lodge of Elks. This is the largest lodge of Elks in the county. There will be two quartettes and other special music. There will be no admission charged and the public is urged to attend, all being assured in advance that they will be welcome at the services.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Elmer E. Buttorff Dorothy A. Tyson,	Newberry Williamsport
William Orwick, Grace Newman,	Port Matilda " "
William R. Stoner, Ida R. Confer,	Tusseyville Spring Mills
Walter T. Swisher, Jeannette Lingle,	Philipsburg Osceola Mills
John B. Fohringer, Rosa B. Fisher,	Colyer Nittany
William H. Breon, Jennie Ream,	Millheim "
Charles Anderson, Hilda Carlson,	Snow Shoe " "

About the size of your shoes. it's some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for Patent Leather Shoes, and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold Every, where, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.—Advt

THE INDEX!

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we are now ready for the early Christmas Shopper. Our lines of

BOOKS,
BIBLES.
CALENDARS,
CHRISTMAS CARDS,
TOYS and
FANCY GOODS

Are now on display. They are surely the best we have ever shown. You will find it a decided advantage to shop early. See these Goods while the stock is fresh and new. The one striking feature of our Christmas stock is that it embraces so many articles that are inexpensive.

The Index

Your Overcoat Is Here!

Let it be a long coat, a short, a medium length coat in plain collar, convertible collar, shawl self collar or velvet, box coat, form fitting coat, medium box or plain conservative--

Overcoats of Chinchilla, Vicuna. Melton Kersey, Scotch, Cassimere. Overcoats in all shades of Blue, Blue and Gold mixtures, Brown, Brown and Gold mixtures, Brown Heather effect, Fancy patterns of Brown, plain Grays in Oxford and Cambridge shades --Fancy Gray Mixtures--Plain Black--Heavy weight coats--light weight coats--medium weight coats--Fur trimmed--and even to Fur coats and Fur lined--

Your any overcoat wish can be supplied from this showing--Be your price $10 or $35 or any price between--your particular coat is here--

No showing to compare with them--No same full value for your money as here.

SB Sim, The Clothier Correct Dress

BELLEFONTE - STATE COLLEGE - PA.

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FOR STYLISH YOUNG MEN
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We are putting all our knowledge and skill into this feature of our business with the determination of keeping this headquarters for stylish young men's wear just as we are for the older men.

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